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AUGUST 31, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 9

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

In his 1978 review of *The World According to Garp*, Senior Writer R.Z. Sheppard declared that John Irving had moved into "the front rank of America's young novelists." Now, with the arrival of Irving's eagerly awaited new novel, *The Hotel New Hampshire*, Sheppard's assessment rings more true than ever. "Every once in a while there's a writer of real quality who also appeals to the popular reader," says Sheppard. "Irving is one." No newcomer to the risky but rewarding task of spotting literary talent, Sheppard worked as an editor and reviewer for the book section of the now defunct New York *Herald Tribune* before joining TIME as a book reviewer in 1967. His cover story this week on Irving, which was edited by Stefan Kanfer and researched by Zona Sparks, is Sheppard's third. (The others: Vladimir Nabokov in 1969 and Mario Puzo in 1978.)

Sheppard in his office

To get an in-depth profile of the man who created *Garp*, Sheppard began back in May to interview the author and his family, friends and associates. Besides making two trips to Irving's home in Putney, Vt., he tracked his subject in such settings as an American Booksellers Association convention in Atlanta, where he joined Irving for a session of jogging and exercise in a hotel health club. Visiting the set of the film version of *Garp* in Millbrook, N.Y., he watched Irving coach Actor Robin Williams on the finer points of wrestling—but prudently did not participate. "Whether the subject is Viennese cuisine, bodybuilding or Russian novelists, Irving is equally at ease and in control," says Sheppard. "He's a man of great energy, humor and discipline—all held together by a Doric grace." On arriving for his second visit to the Irving home in Vermont, Sheppard was challenged by the growling family dog, Stranger, while Irving unhelpfully remained inside. Says Sheppard: "I don't know if he was testing my perseverance, but if the dog had bitten me I would have bitten it back."

The photograph of Irving on the cover comes from an unusual source: his wife Shyla, a freelance photographer whose work has appeared on book jackets and in galleries and national magazines. Back in 1939, TIME's cover photo of Pablo Picasso was taken by the artist's longtime mistress Dora Maar, and a 1963 cover portrait of Andrew Wyeth was painted by Wyeth's sister Henriette, but Mrs. Irving may well be the first spouse ever to provide the cover photograph of a TIME cover subject. Says she: "I'm delighted. When I took the picture I wanted it to be a cover somewhere, and nowhere could be better than on TIME. It's an honor for both John and me."

John a. Meyer

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Letters

Ice Cream

To the Editors:

Upon finishing your story on ice cream [Aug. 10], my husband got out of bed, dressed, drove four miles to Baskin-Robbins, purchased a quart each of French vanilla and double chocolate fudge. He polished off a bowl of the combined flavors before drifting off to sleep, where visions of sugarplums must have danced in his head.

Eugenia Jennett
Pasadena, Calif.

Late one night, after finishing your article on ice cream, I forgot calories, triglycerides and cholesterol. I had to have ice cream, preferably mocha-nut or rum-raisin marshmallow-nut. What had my sensible, nutrition-conscious wife stored in the freezer? Frozen, uncoated, vanilla yogurt bars.

Jack L. Lieberman
Chicago

Your delicious article reminded me of the old tale about a king who demanded that his subjects present him with a dish that would be simultaneously hot and cold in his mouth. Courtiers searched far and wide, and the dungeon was filled with those who failed to solve the riddle. The answer: a hot-fudge sundae.

Mitzi Humphrey
Midlothian, Va.

Unfortunately, my enjoyment of ice cream is limited. I am one of America's more than 2 million diabetics. The sugar-substitute ice creams come in few flavors and cost as much or more a pint than regular brands do a quart. Why cannot an inventive nation like ours make a luscious-tasting sugar-free ice cream in more flavors and at less cost to the consumer?

David L. Bongard
Severna Park, Md.

Aside from wealth, abundant natural resources, Texas Instruments and a lot of dirt, Texans really don't have much to brag about. But when a Texan tells you Blue Bell is the best commercially distributed ice cream in the world, that's not bragging. That's just plain fact.

Bob Snead
Houston

The boys back in the barracks think this crusty old sergeant got his paunch by putting away six-packs. The truth of the matter is, I was secretly sipping another kind of malt at Salt Lake City's Snelgrove Ice Cream store.

(M/SGT) John B. Mahony
U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Bountiful, Utah

In our area we indulge in Perry's ice cream—with reverence.

Pat Finn
Clarence, N.Y.

If God himself had a craving for a double dip of pistachio on a sugar cone, he'd go to Triples, in Syracuse.

Michael Morosky Jr.
Forest City, Pa.

I beg your pardon. *The* best ice cream is from Whitey's in Moline, Ill.

Susan Larvenz
Moline, Ill.

The honest-to-goodness best ice cream is at Hillary's in Philadelphia. I'd fly 3,000 miles to have coffee sombrero, with hot fudge and whipped cream.

Carole Williams
Yorba Linda, Calif.

I generally do not like to credit the Communists for anything other than suppressing creativity, breaking treaties and persecuting ethnic minorities. But if truth be told, the best ice cream in the world (though only vanilla is available) is to be found in Moscow.

Francis Burns
Chappaqua, N.Y.

Surviving Spouse

Why do widows outlive widowers [Aug. 10]? Because the sad widower must begin doing the shopping, cooking, cleaning and laundry for himself, while the merry widow's work is cut in half.

Diane E. Clark
Bloomington, Ind.

My mother died 15 years ago. My father, at 86, is still alert and active, mostly because he knows he is needed by his children and grandchildren.

Carl L. Schaefer
Bloomfield, N.J.

It is not difficult to understand why women can survive widowhood more successfully than men. Very simply, they continue to do what they have been doing all of their lives: cooking, cleaning, shopping, gardening, paying the bills, mowing the lawn, etc. Losing this valuable workhorse and jack-of-all-trades is indeed traumatic for the male. Consequently, remarriage is a must for his survival.

Adelieu C. Young
Traverse City, Mich.

Banisadr's Flight

A need to worship is the main problem with us Iranians. In 1976, we worshiped the Shah; in 1979, Khomeini. Now we are beginning to revere Banisadr [Aug. 10] and the Mujahedin. Unfortunately, the Mujahedin's alternative to Khomeini's tyrannical chaos is also a mixture of religion and government.

Najib Attar
Hilo, Hawaii

The escape of Iran's ousted President Banisadr reminds me of Alexander Kerensky, who in the 1917 Russian Revolution brought his people to the brink of an abyss and national calamity, then fled.

Igor Perekrestov
Melbourne

Wrong Bishop

The article "A Historic Barrier Drops" [July 20] has a photograph of Bishop John Bernard Taylor of St. Albans, but Bishop John Vernon Taylor of Winchester was the main proponent of the Anglican Church's new divorce policy.

Benita C. Gilliam, Secretary
The Bishop of St. Albans
Hertfordshire, England

Booze and Pregnancy

Re your article on drinking while pregnant [Aug. 3]: recent evidence suggests that the last third of pregnancy may be the time of greatest vulnerability for the fetal brain. Therefore, even if a woman has been drinking heavily early in pregnancy, she has a better chance of having a healthier baby if she stops. This is not a recommendation to drink early in pregnancy. Women who diminish their drinking by mid-way improve their health and that of their unborn child.

Henry L. Rosett, Associate Professor
of Psychiatry, Obstetrics and Gynecology
Boston University Medical Center
West Newton, Mass.

Play Ball!

Some of us were not disappointed with the baseball strike [Aug. 10]. It was a blessing to find something on television other than scratching, chewing and squinting. Now if we could just think of a way to provoke a football strike.

Sandra Boyce
Woodland, N.C.

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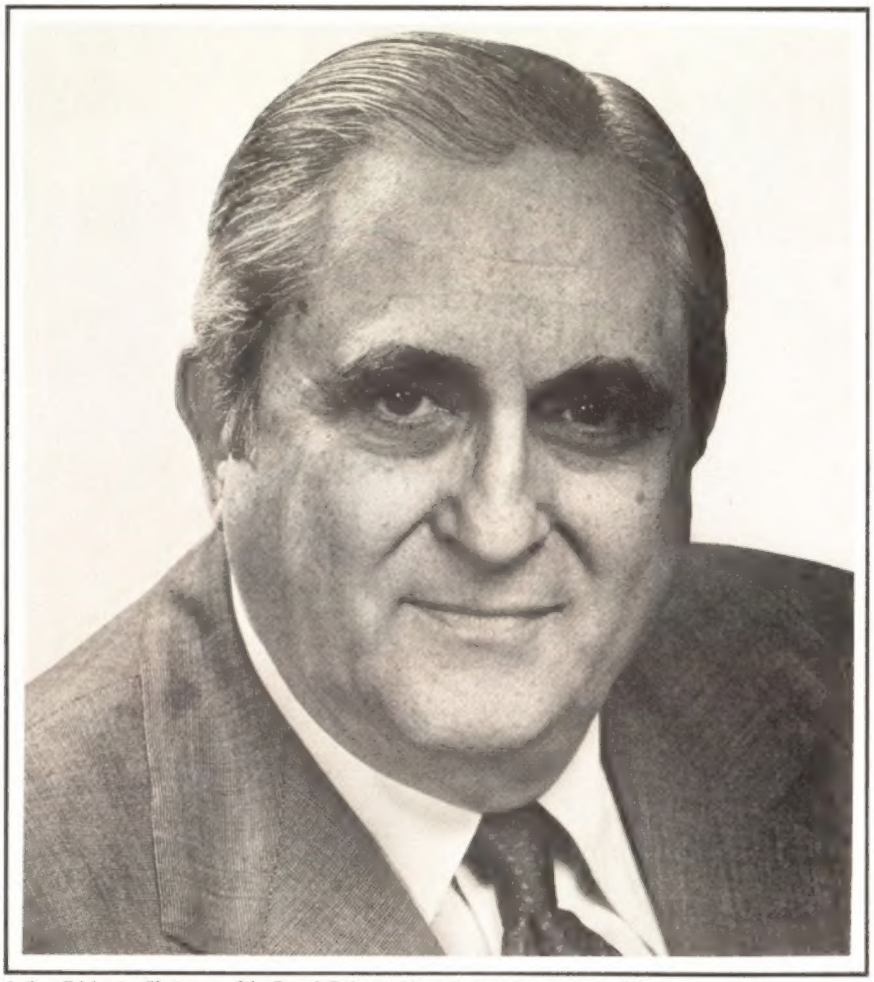

Arthur Edelstein, Chairman of the Board, Federated Distributors, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

TIME Magazine recently honored eight distinguished wine and spirits wholesalers at the 1981 Wine and Spirits Wholesalers of America, Inc. (WSWA) Convention.

One of these businessmen is Arthur Edelstein from Chicago, Illinois. He was honored for his outstanding business performance as a wholesaler and as a valued citizen through service to his community.

TIME is proud to give these outstanding individuals the recognition they've earned and to pay tribute to the hundreds of wholesalers across the nation.

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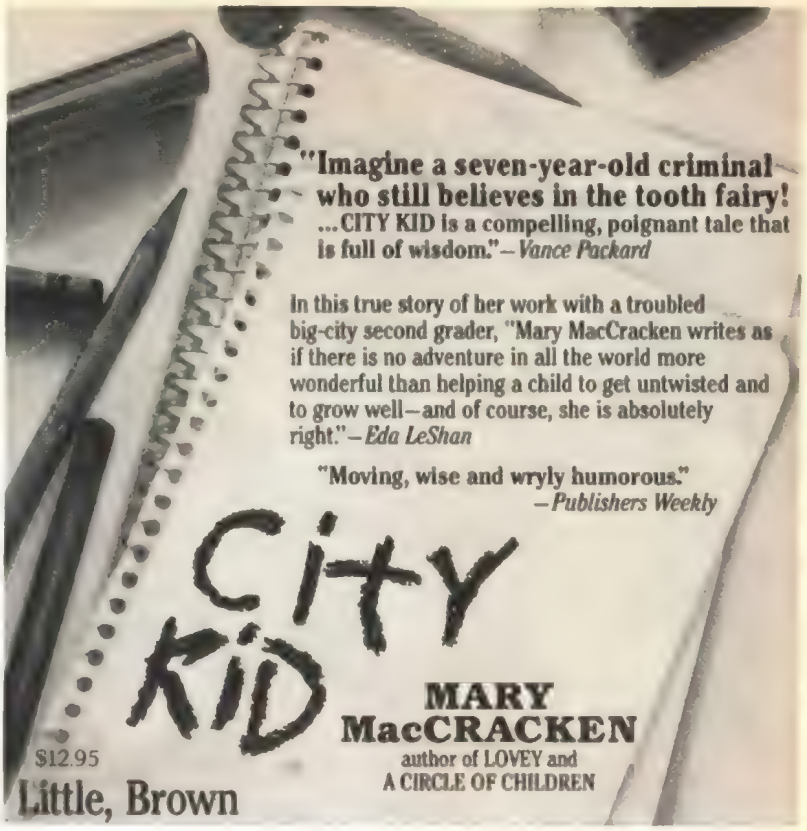

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In South Dakota: Buffalo Burgers at Wall Drug

Ted Hustead and Son Bill flank a wooden cowboy: "Something they can take back to Grandma"

Stretching toward sunset from the Missouri, South Dakota's West River country is an unrelieved expanse of rough-hewn plains and arid badlands. Under the tough sod lie prairie-dog towns and nuclear missile silos. Above ground, a handful of ranchers raise sheep and cattle on the stingy rangeland. Mostly, natives say, there are miles and miles of miles and miles.

Only the signs and billboards along Interstate 90 break the monotony. They beckon to motorists heading west toward Mount Rushmore and Yellowstone or east toward Sioux Falls and the industrial Midwest. The pitch is tantalizing: BE A WALL FLOWER. HAVE YOU DUG WALL DRUG? WALL-EYED AT WALL DRUG.

The signs lead to a drugstore and soda fountain three-quarters of a block long that has grown into an oasis of friendly commercial hurdy-gurdy in the middle of the sparse prairie. The Wall Drug Store in Wall, S.Dak. (pop. 800), 50 miles east of Rapid City, is a three-generation family business that this year celebrates its 50th anniversary. Its standing offer of free ice water, and coffee for 5¢—as much as you can drink of both—helps attract as many as 20,000 customers on a busy summer day, maybe a million a year.

The whole improbable enterprise was started in the depths of the Depression by a 28-year-old Nebraska pharmacist named Ted Hustead. He had a $3,000 stake, a wife, a child of four, and the brass of a born capitalist. Now 78, with wire-rimmed trifocals, thin white hair and a deeply lined face, Ted looks like a kindly drugstore man out of Norman Rockwell. In earlier pictures, he looked more serious and resolute. "We weren't trying to make it rich," he recalls. "We were trying to make a living."

The story of how his wife Dorothy penned some doggerel ("Get a soda, get a beer, turn next corner, just as near, to Highway 16 and 14, free ice water, Wall Drug") to attract thirsty motorists has assumed Arthurian dimensions in South Dakota. Remembers Ted: "We hardly got back to the store from putting the sign up before people started turning in." Before long, billboards sprouted along the highways in every direction; someone once counted 53 along a 45-mile stretch. G.I.s tacked up Wall Drug signs as they made their way through Europe in World War II. The same thing happened in Korea and Viet Nam. The store is covered with photographs of tourists, soldiers and scientists displaying Wall Drug signs everywhere from Antarctica to the Taj Mahal. The drugstore has even paid for advertising signs in Amsterdam, Paris and London. In the end, all these signs produce enough curiosity to attract even the most blasé passer-by. "I just had to stop," said a long-haired, leather-jacketed biker from Beloit, Wis., on his way to a motorcycle rally in the Black Hills. "This is all I've been reading for the past 200 miles."

Travelers pulling off I-90 at the Wall exit (the one with the 80-ft. dinosaur next to the highway) thread through station wagons and campers jamming Main Street. Once inside Wall Drug, road-weary visitors are faced with a bewildering pastiche of class and kitsch. The store sells $200 Tony Lama boots—as well as $2.19 models of Mount Rushmore and corncob toilet paper for $1.19. Left-handed calf ropers can buy lariats twisted especially for southpaws. The Rock Hound Shop offers fossils and crystals. Campers buy heavy iron skillets, lightweight canteens and water-purifying tablets; ranchers buy louse-fly killer, sheep-branding liquid and cow vaccine. God knows who buys hundreds upon hundreds of Wall Drug gimcracks, from spoon holders to ashtrays. "People want a little something they can take back to Grandma," says Bill Hustead, 54, Ted's son. A Madison, Wis., woman on her way to Wyoming is agape, like most newcomers: "This blows me away. Who'd think there would be something like this, ten miles from a herd of bison?"

Customers usually gravitate past the wooden Annie Oakley on the bench, the walls laden with Western and Husteadfamily memorabilia, to one of the four scattered rooms of the café (seating for 550; breakfast starts at 6 a.m.). The special is a hot beef sandwich with mashed potatoes and gravy ($2.98), but the menu also offers more exotic fare: a buffalo burger —yep, ground bison—for $1.55 and a selection of California wines. This last was Bill Hustead's idea: "I thought it would give the place a little class. I thought people chewing on a fishwich or a buffalo burger might get a kick out of having a nice wine at the table."

Bill, an affable but serious businessman, says this with a smile and a slight West River twang. He brims with pride over his family's $4.5 million enterprise. "What is more beautiful, really, than a business?" he asks rhetorically. A registered pharmacist, he runs the operation now, although Ted, officially retired for a couple of years, still puts in several hours a day during the busy summer season. Bill's son Rick, 31, a former high school guidance counselor in Iroquois, S. Dak., who returned to Wall in March, may some day take over the reins.

Bill Hustead likes to point out that customers return, not just the big-spending families from the cities but also the four locals over at the corner table, all elderly ranchers wearing string ties and straw hats, who have been sipping nickel coffee and talking weather all afternoon. Despite its chintzy tourist baubles, Wall Drug has a homeliness that makes customers spend with a smile. Perhaps a young Connecticut man, heading west with his new bride (but passing up the FREE COFFEE AND DONUTS TO HONEYMOONERS), puts it best: "They don't try to make a lot of money off a few people, just a little money off a lot of people." —*By Jay Branegan*

A highway sign beckons

Did you say 1/3 less tar?
Pall Mall Light 100's.
A third less tar than
the leading filter
king, and still
great taste.
Pall Mall
Light 100's 10mg. tar 0.8mg. nic.
Leading filter king 16mg. tar 1.1mg. nic.
Lowest brand
less than 0.01mg. tar 0.002mg. nic.
PALL
MALL
LIGHT
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The Commander in Chief, third from right, aides and U.S.S. *Constellation* officers watch 500-lb. bombs roil the ocean

DIRCK HALSTEAD

Nation

TIME/AUGUST 31, 1981

A Yankee Doodle Day

Victory in the air, fun at sea, but trouble for Reagan's budget

Ronald Reagan, who played a commander of the submarine *Starfish* in *Hellcats of the Navy* (1957), had never been aboard an aircraft carrier. So he was visibly delighted at the strafing runs, submarine hunts and other shows of Navy air prowess put on for him during a visit to the *U.S.S. Constellation*, 55 miles off the California coast. The Commander in Chief allowed that it would "be a kick" to fly in an F-14 jet fighter, though he did not insist on going for a ride. He jokingly ordered the flight boss to "tighten up the interval" of the planes hurtling every few seconds off the deck. He stayed chipper through a precision bombing run that nearly jolted him out of his white-draped deck chair. Addressing the *Constellation's* 5,000 officers and crew later, Reagan reaffirmed his pledge of "a 600-ship Navy, a Navy that is big enough to deter aggression wherever it might occur. Let friend and foe alike know America has the muscle to back up its words." Then he queued up with enlisted men for steak and vegetables in the mess, and afterward pronounced his entire visit "a Yankee Doodle Day."

It was, in more ways than one. Reagan also made his first public comment —a huzzah—on the news that two of those Navy F-14s had shot down two Soviet-made Libyan Su-22s over the Mediterranean off Libya's coastline (*see* WORLD). That had been a two-fisted, straight-shooting display of military decisiveness much in keeping with Reagan's desire to project American clout overseas.

Ironically, it was considerably less of a Yankee Doodle week behind the scenes —and the busiest of Reagan's planned vacation. In a series of meetings with aides and Cabinet members, the President had to explore whether he will be able to afford all the $1 trillion he has vowed to spend on the U.S. arsenal, manpower and support services over the next four years. Since the early days of Reagan's campaign for the presidency, critics have wondered how he could meet his promise to cut taxes, boost military spending and still balance the federal budget. By last week Reagan and his closest advisers were wondering aloud

The President greets pilots on his first visit to an aircraft carrier

MALSTEAD

themselves. The expected deficit in the coming fiscal year was growing and projections for fiscal 1983 and 1984 were worse. All but the most optimistic supply-side economists were predicting that Reagan would have to sacrifice one of his goals to preserve the others. That dilemma was debated at a crucial 3½-hour meeting of his top defense and economic officials Tuesday at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles. It was by all accounts a demanding and combative session. Though few decisions were reached, it looked as though Reagan was preparing to choose the balanced budget over the outsize military buildup

Reagan was publicly cryptic. Reporters pressed him during a brief photo session about where he would find money for the military. Said he: "Well, we sure can't go to Brazil." White House aides were quick to emphasize that no strategic policy or weapon would be rejected solely because of cost. Said Counsellor to the President Edwin Meese III: "The President is not going to say, 'This system is necessary but we can't afford it.' " But in the running battle between those aides who see the Reagan mandate as economic recovery and those who see it as military superiority, once again the economic advocates seemed to be winning. From the outset of the meeting in a penthouse suite on the hotel's 19th floor, Office of Management and Budget Director David Stockman insisted that Reagan could not possibly balance the fiscal 1984 budget without new revenues far beyond the excise taxes and user fees that the Administration may propose; politically inflammatory and perhaps unachievable slashes in social spending; or smaller cuts in social spending coupled with significant cuts in defense spending. Endorsing Stockman were the remaining two-thirds of the economic troika, Treasury Secretary Donald T. Regan and Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers Murray Weidenbaum. Said a high Treasury official later: "There's not a lot of money left [to cut] anywhere in the domestic programs."

Arguing for holding to the original military spending goals were all the defense and security leaders—Secretary of State Alexander Haig, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Deputy Secretary Frank Carlucci, CIA Deputy Director Bobby Inman, National Security Adviser Richard Allen and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General David Jones. They wanted to stick to a planned 7% annual increase, beyond inflation, in military spending. The economic wing suggested 4.5% was all that could be afforded. Commented one key member of that group later: "We all want to see more defense spending. Our point was that if interest rates stay this high, we won't have a country worth defending anyway." No consensus was reached, but by the time the meeting was over, even hawks on the White House staff were floating stories of possible military base closings, cutbacks in military medical and retirement benefits, and other savings in a newly coined category of "nonessential" military spending. By this sleight of mouth, only "essential" spending—for example, new weapons systems—would be covered by Reagan's guarantee of a boost.

Even some new weapons systems were in trouble. Not all of it was financial by any means, but the new concern about the budget provided ammunition to those with political or strategic objections to the projects. At a meeting of the National Security Council on Monday in the same hotel suite, a proposal to base the new MX missile aloft in a fleet of giant planes, an alternative recently proposed by Defense Secretary Weinberger, suddenly looked costly at $70 billion. So did the controversial $50 billion plan for shuttling the missiles along a system of roads to be built across a vast area of the Utah and Nevada desert. It was also opposed by Republican politicians from those states. Officials at the NSC meeting, which included Reagan, were back to reconsidering plans for putting the missiles into silos dug into the ground. Adopting such an arrangement, however, would require embarrassing retractions of previous statements that the best of fixed silos are dangerously vulnerable to Soviet attack. Thus the only MX issue tentatively resolved was that the Administration will probably deploy 100 of the missiles, instead of the 200 planned by President Carter, to preserve future air-based options and to save money.

But the meeting edged toward a major decision on aircraft. The President is all but certain to order production of 100 B-1 bombers, rather than the 50 he had been considering. At the same time he will accelerate development of the "Stealth" bomber, which is designed to be almost undetectable by radar. The cost of that decision is unclear, but the B-1 alone may consume as much as $20 billion, a big chunk of the total for new weapons. To proceed on both bombers would be a major victory for Weinberger and the advocates of military superiority.

Officially the Administration still expects the fiscal 1982 deficit, for the year beginning in October, to hold at $42.5 billion. Reagan insisted last week: "No, we are not changing our ideas about the 1982 deficit at all." But other Administration officials have privately conceded that the gap could be nearly $60 billion, as outside monitors of the budget have projected. The reasons are various. Some congressional appropriations panels have been unable, or unwilling, to meet the spending targets voted by the House and Senate and signed into law by Reagan two weeks ago. Stockman says that process could cost as much as another $8 billion—though Reagan has pledged to veto any such overruns. At the same time, the economy does not seem to be advancing as quickly as in the White House's cheery estimates. Most worrisome, especially for believers in supply-side economics, is the utter failure to date of the prospect of the tax and spending cuts to inspire confidence in the money markets, and thus help to lower record-high interest rates.

Several of Stockman's and Weidenbaum's economic projections have been uncannily accurate. The gross national product, adjusted for inflation, seems likely to rise this year by almost exactly the 1.1% they estimated. Unemployment has been averaging 7.3%, even lower than the 7.8% projected. The consumer price index, which rose 13.5% from 1979 to 1980, was estimated to rise 11.1%, and may actually rise only about 9%. But the Administration estimates were seriously, and expensively, wrong on interest. In 1980 the rates paid on 13-week Treasury bills averaged 11.5%. The Reagan team expected a slightly lower 11.1% this year. The 1981 rates have never once approached that moderate figure. They have ranged as high as 16.75% on May 22 and were still at 15.705% last week. There is scant chance they can fall enough to make the yearlong average of 13.6% that Stock-

Reagan, flanked by Treasury's Regan and OMB's Stockman, at Century Plaza budget meeting

Even the hawks were talking of cutbacks in "nonessential" military programs.

man projected in a set of "corrections" last month. Each percentage point in the average annual rate costs the Federal Government about $4 billion. Thus the wrong guess accounts for much of the growth in this year's anticipated deficit.

Administration economic planners are proposing some familiar and mostly modest ideas for helping close the budget gap: charging "user fees" for federal services to general aviation aircraft and to yacht owners; perhaps requiring airlines or passengers to pay fees financing customs inspections; increasing excise taxes on alcohol and gasoline; cutting the growth rate of inflation-indexed Social Security benefits, possibly by tinkering with the consumer price index; contracting out more military work to the private sector, perhaps including leasing the tax-subsidized PX (post exchange) stores.

But to save the $75 billion to $90 billion in additional cuts that even Stockman estimates will be needed by 1984, Reagan must achieve one or more massive changes. By then nearly two-thirds of the budget will be made up of three items: Social Security, defense and interest payments. The economy must vastly improve, allowing tax collections to expand and interest rates to drop. Or there must be further substantial cuts in domestic spending. Or there must be restraint in the defense budget.

One factor that could make that last prospect more likely would be progress toward an arms limitation agreement with the Soviets. The Reagan White House, however, seems far from considering any deal with the Soviets, except Haig's offer to open negotiations on European theater missiles later this year.

Among the myriad problems that will face the President when he returns to Washington next week is the very real chance that he might lose some of the budget cuts he has won in Congress. Some in the Administration, worried about the 1982 deficit, have urged Stockman to prepare $15 billion or so in contingency cuts and to introduce them when Congress returns from its vacation. Reopening the budget reconciliation process, however, could permit restive House Democrats to renegotiate their concessions. Any restoration of domestic spending cuts will make Reagan's military spending increases all the harder to finance. Even if the Administration can count on enough votes to keep its gains intact, any attempt at another round of reductions would depreciate the political capital that Reagan won in the "historic" votes on spending —and would renew doubts about the wisdom and affordability of multiyear tax cuts. Whatever Reagan decides when he returns to confront this dilemma, pure Yankee Doodle Days may be harder to come by. *—By William A. Henry III. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Douglas Brew/Los Angeles*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Chip on His Shoulder

At least twelve hours before U.S. F-14 fighters shot down two Libyan jets over the Gulf of Sidra, the Western White House of Ronald Reagan was alert to the possibility of an incident. By Wednesday, more than 40 Soviet-made SU-22s swarmed up from Libyan airfields to probe the U.S. Navy task force on maneuvers. There was even a subtle Soviet endorsement for the Libyan flights. The Soviet destroyer *Kashin*, which was only a few hundred yards away, trained its guns on ships in the task force, a direct violation of the safety-at-seas treaty signed by the U.S. and the Soviets in 1972.

Reagan knew the confrontation was coming and so did his men, right to the flyers in the F-14s. It was not to be "a direct provocation," explained one of the architects for the maneuvers. But the U.S. "had placed a chip on its shoulder, and the Libyans could try to knock it off if they wished." Behind this bravado was the simple but passionate belief by Reagan that, at home and abroad, when the structures of civilization are threatened the President must respond quickly and decisively. Freedom of the seas was the principle at stake off Libya's coast and, according to one top Navy man, "we were not about to go into a confrontation without adequate force to prevail." Hence, the aircraft carriers *Nimitz* and *Forrestal* and 14 other ships formed Reagan's "Big Stick."

After four years of Jimmy Carter's bad timing and timidity in foreign affairs, the world has had to make quite an adjustment. The Soviets, while continuing to denounce Reagan on the surface, have grown oddly silent beneath the waves. By this time in Carter's first year, they had agreed to put troops into Ethiopia and were engineering a coup in Afghanistan. While they still scoff publicly that all American Presidents are alike, accumulation of secret analysis now suggests an adversary slightly off balance. Instead of constantly challenging the U.S., the Soviets grow more eager to talk about reduction of world tension. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger believes that if Reagan holds his course, it could lead to a new era of superpower moderation.

DIRCK HALSTEAD

A hail from the Chief to his men on the *Constellation*

"People had lost all faith in our capacity to act," declares Kissinger. "Now, they think Reagan is in charge." Kissinger's rules for the exercise of power are illuminating. There are no rewards for losing in the cause of moderation, he claims. Nor should a President agonize after making a decision. If he does, it conveys doubt and insecurity and invites renewed assault. Most crises, says Kissinger, get worse with time and get bigger if only nibbled at instead of bitten off. Kissinger's conclusion: if Reagan can sustain his reputation as quick, tough and total, that reputation is not likely to be challenged.

But reputations are not made of one or two incidents. They are the accumulation of many acts, big and small. Reagan's expanding foreign policy dossier includes decisions on the neutron bomb, Japanese auto imports, the Soviet grain embargo, arms to China. The Administration's domestic actions have also etched the Reagan image deeper in a number of ways.

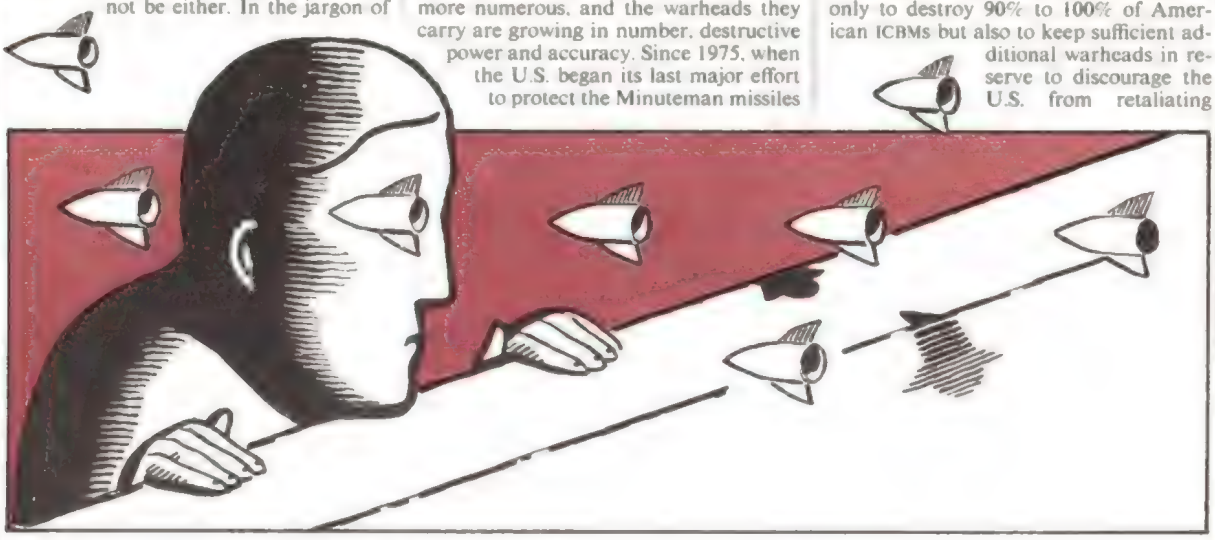
Last week several Cabinet officers reported to the White House that by firing 12,000 illegally striking air controllers and not having second thoughts, Reagan may have enhanced his overseas respect more than by any other thing he has done. That view was reflected by London's *Economist*, a thoughtful publication that has kept meticulous accounts on Reagan. He has, the magazine noted, "astonished both his friends and his opponents . . . this is the week for ordinary people to call to him a clear 'bravo.' "

Apparently the American people have been doing that. Pollster Richard Wirthlin last week hustled his latest sampling out to Reagan in California. It showed deepening support across the country—a feeling that Reagan's recent actions, from his victory over the air controllers right up to his air victory over Libya, have clearly been in the national interest.

The Vulnerability Factor

Perception and reality in the debate over whether U.S. missiles are in danger

The debate over where to base the MX missile system has consumed such vast amounts of presidential attention and public print that citizens can be forgiven for some confusion over why President Reagan—and Jimmy Carter before him—decided that the U.S. needs an MX system in the first place. There is a one-word answer: vulnerability. In the opinion of many U.S. arms experts, Minuteman, the principal American intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) since the mid-1960s, has become an exposed target—and therefore conceivably a temptation—for a pre-emptive Soviet attack. And if the 1,000 Minuteman missiles are no longer safe, the nation may not be either. In the jargon of nuclear deterrence, Minuteman is believed to have lost the vital requirement of survivability, meaning the ability to survive, and retaliate against, a Soviet first strike. Instead, Minuteman has acquired, in the eyes of its proprietors, a reputation for vulnerability.



Many military and political experts, including all those in key posts in the Reagan Administration, have come to accept vulnerability as an unhappy fact of life, fully justifying MX's price tag of as much as $100 billion. Also, concern over the Minuteman's jeopardy is at the core of a much more general anxiety: that U.S. defenses across the board have become vulnerable.

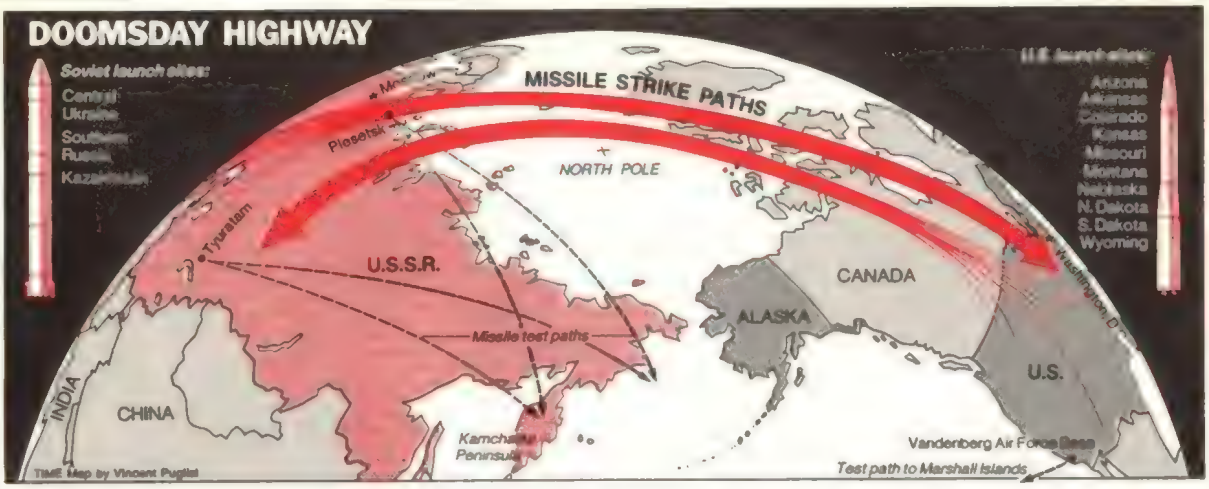
Yet just how vulnerable is Minuteman? Vulnerability has not been established by experience. If it had been, the U.S. would now largely be a radioactive wasteland or a Soviet colony or both. Rather, vulnerability is a hypothetical condition. It arises in worst-case scenarios about what might happen—in the guidance systems of rockets, in outer space over the North Pole, in underground silos beneath the incinerated landscapes of the American Northwest and in the minds of men in Washington and Moscow—during the first half-hour of World War III. While highly conjectural, the problem of determining vulnerability must still be taken very seriously: avoiding World War III depends on the superpowers feeling secure, or at least feeling equally insecure, in the face of each other's nuclear arsenals. The U.S. now feels insecure—more insecure than it feels the Soviets feel.

The main reason for that shift in the balance of insecurity is that Soviet rockets are becoming larger and more numerous, and the warheads they carry are growing in number, destructive power and accuracy. Since 1975, when the U.S. began its last major effort to protect the Minuteman missiles by "hardening" their silos with reinforced concrete, the Soviets have deployed 750 new ICBMs. In many cases, older, single-warhead rockets were replaced with the latest multiple-warhead versions, or MIRVs (Multiple Independently Targetable Re-Entry Vehicles). As a result, the Soviets have 1,398 ICBMs, of which 820 have multiple warheads. These MIRVed missiles are considerably larger and more powerful than those of the U.S. and thus can carry more MIRVs (ten on the biggest Soviet rocket, *vs.* three on Minuteman). Altogether, the Soviet Union now has deployed nearly 5,000 warheads on its ICBMs and is expected to have at least 6,000 within five years. By comparison, 550 of the 1,000 Minutemen are MIRVed, for a total of 2,100 warheads. (The U.S. also has 52 older, single-warhead Titan rockets.)

The Soviets generally build more "yield," or destructive power, into their warheads (the equivalent of 800,000 tons of TNT, *vs.* 300,000 tons per American MIRV). Also, the most modern Soviet ICBMs have been more frequently tested than Minuteman (20 to 25 tests a year, *vs.* fewer than ten). Thus, the U.S.S.R. has come from behind in the accuracy race and has now matched the U.S. Air Force analysts say that the Soviets could drop a warhead into the five-acre courtyard in the center of the Pentagon—or close enough to a hardened Minuteman silo to destroy it.

The combination of high yield and high accuracy makes a warhead a "silo buster" or "hard target killer." Pentagon analysts and advocates of a U.S. defense buildup have for years been making a distressing point: the Soviets are very close to having enough hard target killers not only to destroy 90% to 100% of American ICBMs but also to keep sufficient additional warheads in reserve to discourage the U.S. from retaliating with its bombers and submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). "The Soviets have had as their goal to put our Minuteman at risk by the early '80s," says Air Force Brigadier General James P. McCarthy, a top officer for the MX program. "A two-on-one attack [two Soviet warheads aimed at every Minuteman silo] would drop our ICBMs' survival rate to a very small portion, certainly less than 10%. There's no question in our minds about their capability to do this."

There is, however, considerable question among many scientists and defense experts about whether Soviet missiles are as accurate and reliable (and whether, therefore, Minuteman is as vulnerable) as the Pentagon claims. Critics such as M.I.T. Professor Kosta Tsipis and former CIA Official Herbert Scoville Jr. have argued a version of Murphy's Law that was propounded by the great Prussian general and military theoretician Karl von Clausewitz more than 150 years ago: the differences between a firing range and a battlefield make it inevitable that there



will be failures on the part of both men and machines in combat. "The frictions of war," Clausewitz called them.

Soviet ICBMs are tested from west to east. They are fired from launchers at Plesetsk near the White Sea and Tyuratam near the Aral Sea at targets in the north Pacific and on the Kamchatka peninsula in Siberia. In a war, however, the missiles would follow a very different trajectory, over the North Pole, and would therefore be subject to different geodetic, gravitational and meteorological forces, known as bias, from those that prevail on the test range. The result, say the critics, would be bias errors in the accuracy of warheads fired against the U.S.

The Air Force replies that both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. have virtually eliminated the problem of bias. Among other things, the Soviets can launch satellites over the pole into orbit, measure the geodetic forces, and program their missiles accordingly. That is exactly what the U.S. does to complement its own east-to-west ICBM test shots from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California to Kwajalein atoll in the Marshall Islands. Furthermore, says Harold Brown, Defense Secretary in the Carter Administration and now visiting professor at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies in Washington: "Since Soviet warheads are considerably more destructive than ours, they are less sensitive to bias. They can withstand a bigger error in accuracy."

Will some future Soviet Politburo be as confident about the potency of its strategic rocket forces as the American worst-case planners are? If so, and if those leaders decided to play what Brown has called "the cosmic roll of the dice" by attempting a pre-emptive strike, they would be mounting far and away the most massive and complicated technical operation in history without benefit of a dry run. Even if everything went according to plan, how could the gamblers in the Kremlin be sure the U.S. would not "launch on warning," meaning fire a retaliatory strike as soon as U.S. radar saw the attack coming? The short answer, on which most experts agree, is that the Soviets could not be certain. That would be part of their gamble. The President would have only about 20 minutes to make the awful decision to launch on warning. He would have to rely on the absolute fidelity of U.S. warning devices and the instant wisdom of his advisers. Concludes Brown: "Launch on warning is a dangerous policy because it means going to war on the basis of a computer."

Yet the land-based Minuteman force constitutes only one leg of the nation's so-called strategic triad. In addition, there are fleets of nuclear-armed bombers and submarines that, between them, carry more than 8,000 warheads, *vs.* only 1,600 for Soviet bombers and submarines. So why not plan on absorbing a Soviet first strike against Minuteman and hitting back with the two other legs of the triad? Brown thinks that would be a mistake too: "If we abandon the first leg of our triad as soon as it gets into trouble, we'd be encouraging the Soviets to go to work on making the second leg vulnerable, and then the third."

James Schlesinger, Defense Secretary in the Nixon Administration and now a senior adviser to the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University, argues that a survivable land-based missile force is essential if the U.S. is going to deter a Soviet attack against Western Europe. Until Schlesinger came to the Pentagon, American strategic doctrine rested on mutual assured destruction, a concept with the deliberately ironic acronym MAD; the Soviets knew that no matter how swift and successful their strike against the U.S., it would provoke devastating retribution. The superpowers, in short, had an implicit suicide pact in the event that either attacked the other. But as Schlesinger explains, World War III is not likely to begin with a "nuclear Pearl Harbor," a Soviet surprise attack directly against the U.S. The far greater danger is "miscalculation and escalation in Western Europe."

For decades, the U.S. has pledged that it would respond to aggression against its NATO allies as firmly as it would defend the North American continent. But for that doctrine of "extended deterrence" to work, both the Soviets and the American allies must believe the U.S. would use its strategic nuclear weapons to punish the Soviets for a blitzkrieg they might carry out in Europe using widely acknowledged Soviet superiority in conventional forces. The most important American weapons in such a contingency would be ICBMs, since they alone have what Schlesinger calls "the necessary accuracy, selectivity, control and quick response" to strike against Soviet military targets, particularly Soviet missile silos. Extended deterrence breaks down if American ICBMs are even hypothetically vulnerable to a pre-emptive Soviet strike. The U.S. would then be reduced to defending Europe by threatening to attack Soviet cities with its surviving bombers and submarines, thus provoking a Soviet attack against American cities. That threat is not credible, says Schlesinger, for neither the Soviets nor the Western Europeans are likely to believe that the U.S. would sacrifice its civilian population for the sake of Europe.

These scenarios have practical political significance even if, as everyone hopes, they are never enacted. "Nuclear forces are a backdrop against which other forces and diplomacy operate," says Schlesinger. "If other countries, particularly our allies, see the Soviets having the probable capacity to inflict damage on our ICBM fields—and we lack the capacity to do the same to them—then perceptions will have been altered in such a way that the political will of both the U.S. and our allies may be less firm. We may be more willing to yield to pressure."

Ironically, however, American ex-

Some insist coal is good. Some insist coal is bad.
We insist it's not that black or white.

Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country—enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, although that represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of our energy production.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal could give us as much as one half of the new energy we'll need between now and the year 2000—enough to help loosen the dangerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

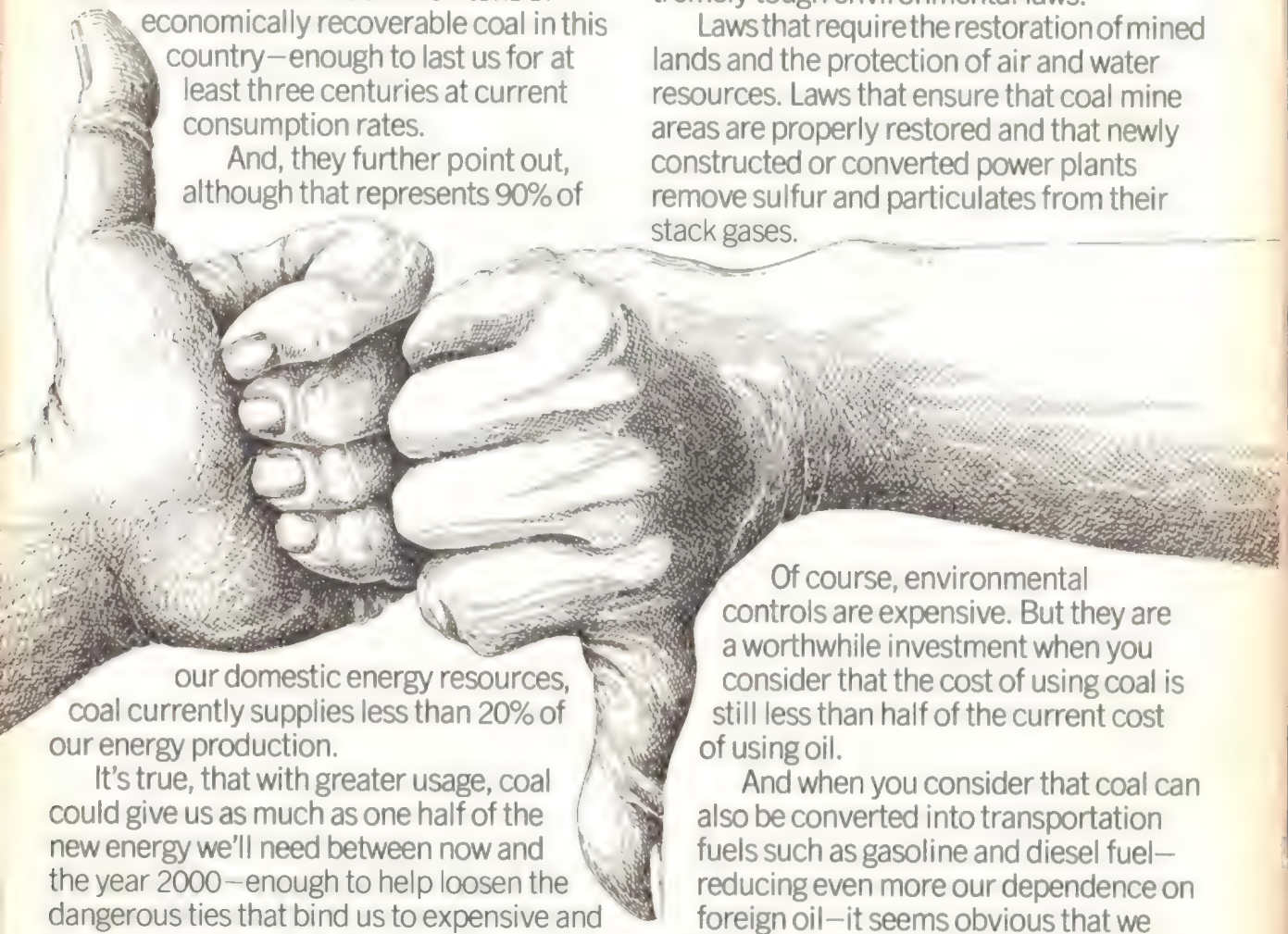
But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

And to the fact that coal contains ash and sulfur which, if not removed, can pollute the air when burned.

Still, we at Atlantic Richfield's ARCO Coal Company believe that today the advantages of coal outweigh its disadvantages. And so do the many Americans who have invested with us.

That's because these days we have extremely tough environmental laws.

Laws that require the restoration of mined lands and the protection of air and water resources. Laws that ensure that coal mine areas are properly restored and that newly constructed or converted power plants remove sulfur and particulates from their stack gases.



Of course, environmental controls are expensive. But they are a worthwhile investment when you consider that the cost of using coal is still less than half of the current cost of using oil.

And when you consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel—reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil—it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

Atlantic Richfield Company

perts have contributed to the alarm, both at home and abroad, over the ICBM imbalance by loudly advertising Minuteman vulnerability. As Schlesinger concedes, "To an extent, this is a self-inflicted wound. It would be better to go quietly about the business of fixing the trouble. But one of the penalties of a democracy is that we have to call public attention to the problem in order to get the necessary remedies."

The Soviet perception of the Minuteman debate, at least as expressed by official spokesmen in a series of interviews in Moscow, is a mixture of righteous indignation, countercharges and carefully reasoned assurances. "These wild scenarios by American armchair strategists breed suspicion and paranoia and serve to justify the arms race," says Georgi Arbatov, the director of the Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada and a member of the Communist Party Central Committee.

A retired general on the staff of Arbatov's institute, Mikhail Milshtein, rejects the very concepts of a first strike and a limited nuclear war: "It is inconceivable to me that any government would wait to see if the incoming warheads were only aimed at silos or were part of an all-out attack. Our government could never exclude the possibility of launch on warning. Besides, the notion of a surgical strike against land-based missiles is a fantasy. One of the more popular scenarios in the U.S. stipulates that to knock out Minuteman, we would have to use 2,000 megatons [the equivalent of 2 billion tons of TNT]. That's about ten tons for every inhabitant of the U.S. That would not be a 'surgical strike' at all. It would be all-out war."

Adds another retired general, Svyatoslav Kozlov: "In a nuclear war, there can't be a gentlemen's agreement whereby one side says to the other, 'O.K., you hit only our rockets, and we won't touch anything but military targets on your side.' When the war actually starts, it will proceed by its own momentum. If one side is attacked, it'll hit back with everything it has." In effect, these Soviet spokesmen are re-endorsing the concept of mutual assured destruction that Schlesinger, Brown and others have abandoned.

The Soviets angrily deny the accusation of American hard-liners that the U.S.S.R. has its own doctrine of "fightable and winnable" nuclear war. Says Alexander Bovin, an *Izvestia* commentator and party official: "When a general talks to his troops, he tells them, 'We can win!' That is natural and unavoidable. But when civilian political figures talk about being able to fight and win a nuclear war, that's when we should all worry. Our politicians don't. Yours do."

Asked whom he had in mind, Bovin pulled from a pile of papers on his desk the summer 1980 issue of *Foreign Policy* magazine. He pointed to an article co-authored by Colin Gray titled, straightforwardly, "Victory Is Possible." Gray, a conservative nuclear strategist from the Hudson Institute, is now a consultant to the State Department. In the article he theorizes that, with greatly increased offensive and defensive programs, the U.S. could hold casualties in a war to 20 million —"a level compatible with national survival and recovery."

Arbatov tries to turn the tables on the U.S. in the debate about vulnerability: "If we're going to talk about that whole issue, then you should recognize our problem as well. We're under a greater threat because a larger part of our strategic arsenal is land-based than yours."

In fact, however, the Soviet Union's high-yield, high-accuracy, land-based multiple warheads outnumber those of the U.S. by a ratio of more than 3 to 1. But the U.S. does indeed have more strategic weapons of all kinds than the Soviets, including more of the less accurate submarine-based missiles and more of the slower airborne variety. Also, the U.S. is on its way, as it should be, to matching the Soviets' capability of hitting military targets quickly. Whatever the outcome of the Administration's current dithering over where and how to base the MX, the U.S. is committed to building a more powerful successor to the Minuteman and to developing the Trident submarine program into a hard target killer as well.

Retired Lieut. General Edward Rowny, who was sworn in two weeks ago as President Reagan's chief negotiator for arms control, thinks that Soviet public statements disavowing limited nuclear war disguise secret preparations to wage one if, in the Kremlin's view, a crisis requires it. "The Soviets have sufficient forces to attack and destroy our ICBMs," says Rowny. "I have no doubt that we could still launch a second strike with our other missiles and wreak untold damage on the Soviet Union, causing more than 100 million casualties. But the fundamental problem is that the Soviets don't believe that. They believe nuclear weapons are there to be used. They believe their civil defense system would allow them to get away with 'only' about 13 million casualties—5% of their population—fewer than they suffered in World War II. So we must think about nuclear exchanges not because they will ever occur necessarily but because as long as the Soviets believe they're possible, they will have the power of blackmail over us."

Prototype of MX missile carrier ready for firing at Nevada test site

The U.S. now feels more insecure than it feels the Soviets feel.

Even some fellow hard-liners regard Rowny's view as excessively demonological. But the fact remains that the Soviets have been building up their ICBMs beyond any reasonable requirement for an exclusively defensive force. Thus the Soviets have made it more difficult for the U.S. to deal with the most vexing conundrum of the nuclear age: preserving the delicate balance of uncertainty and confidence on which deterrence depends. Each side must be uncertain about its ability to get away with a first strike yet confident of its ability to launch a retaliatory strike.

The Soviets have also disturbed the complicated mixture of objective and subjective factors that make up strategic stability. The objective factors are totals of launchers and warheads, plus estimates of accuracy and equivalent megatonnage. The subjective factors are the doomsday speculations about what might actually happen in a nuclear war, plus perceptions and self-perceptions of vulnerability. The subjective factors depend in large measure on the objective ones. As General McCarthy says, "In my job, I can't judge motivations and intentions on the other side. I can only judge capability. Anyway, motivations and intentions can change rapidly, while capabilities change slowly and painfully."

Generals McCarthy and Rowny are less likely to be reassured by Generals Milshtein and Kozlov these days because the Soviets have skewed the arithmetic of deterrence by dint of the sheer, simple and very large numbers on their side. In so doing, the U.S.S.R. has left the U.S. with no choice but to balance the strategic equation by making additions to its own arsenal. —*By Strobe Talbott*

All the President's Teamsters

A TIME *investigation turns up a Watergate-era cover-up*

The top officers of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters turning Government informers and supplying tips against their enemies in the union? The Nixon White House calling off Government investigations that threatened to incriminate the President's supporters in the nation's largest union? Such Watergate-era allegations began to surface as long ago as 1975, but they attracted little attention, partly because they came initially from an informer of dubious credibility.

But now TIME has obtained support for these charges, and more, from a far more reliable source: long-secret files of the Internal Revenue Service. In some 500 pages of reports to their superiors from 1972 to 1974, veteran IRS Agents John Daley and Gabriel Dennis of the service's Los Angeles office asserted:

1) That three important Teamster officials—Frank Fitzsimmons, then president, William Presser, then boss of Ohio's Teamsters, and his son Jackie—met regularly with the IRS agents between 1972 and 1974. The trio allegedly supplied information about their foes in the union, in the hope of persuading the Government to prosecute these enemies rather than themselves.

2) That Fitzsimmons described a secret meeting between himself and President Richard Nixon in the White House in late 1972. At that session, the President allegedly summoned Attorney General Richard Kleindienst* and personally ordered him to make sure that Government investigations of the Teamsters then in progress did not harm Fitzsimmons or his allies. If true, this story could have formed the basis for an additional charge of obstruction of justice in the eventual impeachment proceedings against Nixon, but Watergate investigators apparently never heard the tale. The IRS did convey the agents' reports about the alleged meeting to the Department of Justice in 1973, but the department did nothing with the information. In effect, the story was covered up far more effectively than the Watergate scandals were.

All that might seem ancient history. Nixon and Kleindienst, of course, are long since gone from office. Fitzsimmons died in May and William Presser in July. Jackie Presser, however, is very much alive and a powerful ally of another Republican President, Ronald Reagan. As "communications director," or official spokesman, of the Teamsters, Presser helped to swing the union's support to Reagan in the 1980 campaign, and was named a senior labor adviser to one of Reagan's transition teams. Some Teamsters are convinced that he is next in line for the presidency of the union. His accession might come soon if the incumbent, Roy L. Williams, is convicted of attempted bribery, a charge on which he is now awaiting trial. Says Presser: "I'm waiting my turn and it's down the road."

The beefy and profane Presser characteristically dismisses the allegations with an expletive. He conceded to TIME that he, his father and Fitzsimmons met with the IRS agents once, in early 1972, but added: "I never talked with them again. I'm certain my dad didn't talk to them either, because he never told me that he did. I can't say what Fitz did." Presser added: "So, I'm a fink? Look, I can't be responsible for what's in Government reports." Presser said this in a limousine carrying him to the Executive Office Building; he ended the interview by entering the building for a meeting with Reagan's aides.

Political Allies Nixon and Fitzsimmons at the White House in 1971

Whether or not there was a deal, the FBI had to cancel some wiretaps.

Kleindienst describes the charge that Nixon ordered him to go easy on Fitzsimmons and friends as "absolutely false. The man [Nixon] never mentioned the Teamsters to me." Former White House Aides Charles Colson and John Ehrlichman, who are said to have helped set up the Nixon-Fitzsimmons meeting, insist that they have no recollection of it. A spokesman for Nixon at first told TIME that Nixon also had no memory of a meeting with Fitzsimmons at the White House in late 1972. But when told that the meeting supposedly was arranged by Colson, the spokesman said: "Colson? Oh, now, that's a different set of facts. The former President's statement [of not remembering it] would not apply to that." The spokesman would go no further.

The written reports of the IRS agents tell a detailed story. The tale begins in early 1972, when Daley and Dennis met Fitzsimmons and the Pressers at a Teamsters conference in Miami. The meeting was arranged by one Harry Hall, also known as Harry Haller and Harry Helfgot. He is a professional informer who boasts, accurately, that he has ties with the Teamsters, the Government and organized crime; he has also been imprisoned for passing bad checks, impersonating Government officials and grand theft.

William Presser was then facing indictment on a charge of embezzlement, and Fitzsimmons would later be implicated by FBI wiretaps in a scheme by Los Angeles mobsters to gain access to union funds. Fitzsimmons and the Pressers, according to the reports, met regularly with the agents in Washington, Miami, Cleveland and Las Vegas. They hoped to arrange "targets of exchange"—people that the Government could prosecute instead of themselves or their cronies. These turned out to be Fitzsimmons' enemies. Three whose names occur in the agents' reports were Jimmy Hoffa, the former Teamsters president whom Nixon had just released from prison on condition that he take no part in running the union until 1980; Harold Gibbons, a Hoffa loyalist who was boss of the Teamsters in St. Louis; and Jay Sarno, who had built two Las Vegas casino hotels with loans from Teamster pension funds.

Nothing much happened. Fitzsimmons told the IRS agents that Hoffa was intriguing to get the union presidency back, which could have been grounds for sending Hoffa back to prison, but the Government took no action. William Lynch, then head of the Justice Department's organized crime section, recalls that the IRS gave him data about Gibbons from an unnamed "hot informant," presumably Fitzsimmons. Says Lynch: "We sent it out to the department strike force in St. Louis and found that they already had it. It was totally worthless." Sarno was tried in 1975 on a charge of offering a $64,000 bribe to an IRS agent, but was acquitted. It is possible that the IRS dunned some people named by Fitzsimmons and the Pressers for additional taxes, but the Daley-Dennis reports do not elaborate.

In any case, by late 1972 Fitzsimmons complained to the IRS agents that he and his allies were still in trouble and his enemies were not. He threatened to take his

*It is not clear whether the meeting took place in the Oval Office, where Nixon had installed voice-activated recording equipment. The FBI later examined the White House tapes for late 1972, but found no trace of the meeting, indicating that it might have taken place elsewhere in the building.

Union "communications director" Jackie Presser today and his late father William in 1960

complaints directly to President Nixon. Later the Pressers and eventually Fitzsimmons himself told the agents that Colson, Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, who was then White House chief of staff, had set up a meeting between Nixon and Fitzsimmons in one of the private rooms of the White House.* Kleindienst had allegedly been summoned to the session and ordered to review all investigations pending against the Teamsters and to make sure that Fitzsimmons and his allies were not hurt. The meeting supposedly occurred after Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign, to which the Teamsters contributed an estimated $1 million.

Whatever the case, the Justice Department in March 1973 did stop court-sanctioned FBI wiretaps that seemed to be on the brink of disclosing corruption in the Teamsters. The FBI, in an affidavit, asked to continue the wiretaps, saying it had information that Fitzsimmons had been meeting with Los Angeles gangsters who were trying to tap Teamsters health-and-welfare funds, but Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen turned down the request. He said in 1974 that the wiretaps had been "nonproductive." The department, it should be noted, did press the indictment of William Presser, who was tried on the embezzlement charge in 1973 but acquitted.

For years afterward, the Daley-Dennis reports languished in IRS files, though there were several occasions on which they might have become public. In the spring of 1973, just as the Watergate scandal was breaking into the open, the IRS delivered a bundle of the reports to the Justice Department. They included those with Fitzsimmons' account of his alleged meeting with Nixon and Kleindienst. Edward Joyce, then deputy chief of the Justice Department's organized crime section, signed a memo saying that he had received the reports and was studying them. Joyce's superior, Lynch, however, says that Joyce never mentioned the reports to him. Joyce can no longer say if he brought them to the attention of anyone else; he died last year. All that is known is that the reports were returned to the IRS, and no action was taken.

The only people who ran into trouble, in fact, were Agents Daley and Dennis. The Justice Department in 1974 indicted Informer Hall on a charge of possessing stolen Treasury bonds, and threatened to indict the IRS agents as co-conspirators—though they protested that they had only been asked by Hall to check the serial numbers on the bonds. The agents composed a memo pointing out that the IRS and the Department of Justice had failed to inform the Senate Watergate committee of their reports about Fitzsimmons' account of his alleged meeting with Nixon. If indicted, they threatened to summon high-ranking Justice officials to testify about what had—or had not—been done with that information.

The agents were not indicted. Hall was acquitted of the possession charge, but pleaded guilty to a lesser charge of fraud and was imprisoned for six months. After his release, he told the New York *Times* in 1975 about Fitzsimmons' alleged informing and said there had been a deal for the Government to go easy on the Teamsters leader; he also said he had given that information to a House Judiciary subcommittee. The subcommittee, however, never called Hall to testify; probably it was warned by the Justice Department that Hall was unreliable. Daley retired from the IRS in 1977 and Dennis in 1979. Both are living in Southern California.

The FBI finally got a look at the Daley-Dennis reports in 1978, after an anonymous tipster informed the agency that Fitzsimmons and the Pressers had been seen with the IRS agents. The tipster also hinted that the conversations might have had something to do with Hoffa, who disappeared in 1975 and is presumed to have been murdered. The FBI then began an investigation, about six years too late. By then the statute of limitations had expired, so nobody mentioned in the Daley-Dennis reports could be prosecuted anyway.

Some FBI agents nonetheless wanted to convene a grand jury in the hope that under oath some of the people named in the IRS reports might yield clues to Hoffa's fate. The Justice Department turned them down. Says one FBI agent: "Can you imagine the scene? Fitzsimmons, the Pressers, White House aides, Nixon Administration officials all trooping in; questions about Teamster campaign contributions and 'exchange targets'—it would have been a replay of Watergate. Nobody in the department wanted that." So the FBI investigation wound up last year without results, and the contents of the Daley-Dennis reports remained unknown to the public—until now. ■

Former White House Aide Charles Colson and onetime Attorney General Richard Kleindienst

*Kleindienst, now practicing law in Arizona, went on trial in Phoenix last week on 14 charges of perjury stemming from a state bar investigation of an insurance deal involving the Teamsters

TIMES—THE NEW YORK TIMES

Griffin Bell, second from left, and other task force members presenting report in Washington

Blueprint for Fighting Crime

A federal panel urges more jails, tighter bail

"Violent crime is pervasive. We can't afford to indulge in long philosophical discourses. We must act immediately." With that stern warning, Associate Attorney General Rudolph Guiliani last week accepted the 192-page report of the Administration's Task Force on Violent Crime. Set up last March and chaired by former Attorney General Griffin Bell and Illinois Republican Governor James Thompson, the eight-member panel recommended a posse of reforms designed to stem the national crime spree.

The panel's most important proposal, according to Bell, is also its most basic: build more prisons. The task force recommends that Washington pay 75% of construction costs over the next four years —some $2 billion—with the states anteing up the rest. Yet the budget-cutting Reaganauts are reluctant to lay out the money; as White House Counsellor Edwin Meese puts it, major funding for any crime-fighting proposals is "very unlikely." Counters Bell: "It's peanuts compared with what the Department of Defense spends."

The recommendation that stands the best chance of being passed by Congress is bail reform. The task force suggests that judges be allowed to consider the "dangerousness" of a defendant before setting him free on bail; in general, judges are now supposed to base their bail decisions only on the likelihood that the accused will flee. Congress is also likely to be sympathetic toward the panel's recommendation that guidelines be set for sentencing and that parole be abolished. No longer would sentences vary wildly from judge to judge for similar crimes, and criminals serving lengthy prison terms would not be set loose after just a few years. The panel would like to patch up a loophole in the 1968 Gun Control Act that allows parts for "Saturday night specials" —though not the guns themselves—to be imported; it would also require a "waiting period" for prospective gun buyers so that authorities could check for criminal records. But President Reagan remains opposed to gun control, and Congress is likely to pass only stiffer penalties for crimes committed with a gun.

The task force recommended loosening the "exclusionary rule," under which illegally obtained evidence is thrown out of court. The panel suggested that if the police could show they were acting "in good faith" when they seized evidence, it could still be introduced at trials—and the guilty would not go free. The task force also proposed limiting habeas corpus petitions, which allow prisoners to try repeatedly to get their convictions thrown out on constitutional grounds. Both recommendations, along with bail reform, have drawn heavy fire from civil libertarians. "It's a public relations fraud," complains Ira Glasser, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union. "They want to appear to be doing something about crime, but what they're really doing is fooling with the Constitution."

Indeed, Washington is limited in what it can do about crime, since 94% of all offenses fall within the jurisdiction of the states. But with polls showing that, among domestic issues, crime is second only to inflation as a national worry, Republicans and Democrats alike will be flaunting their commitment to law and order on Capitol Hill this fall. The Democrats introduced their own package of reforms this summer, and Reagan himself will launch the Administration's war on crime with a major message early this autumn. "People want something done," says Bell. "If politicians don't do it, they're going to be turned out of office." ■

Fear of Flying

FAA acts to calm the jitters

As the nation's airports continued to operate last week without the help of some 12,000 striking air-traffic controllers, the debate heated up between the Reagan Administration and the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization over whether air travel is still safe. Asserting that there had been "a dramatic increase in the number of system errors and near midair collisions" since the Aug. 3 walkout, PATCO released a report detailing more than two dozen in-flight incidents and claimed there have been more than 150. But the Federal Aviation Administration said there were only eleven "near misses," compared with 31 during the same period in 1980.* Assured FAA Administrator J. Lynn Helms: "We have no reason to believe that the system has deteriorated in safety in any way."

To ease the public's fear of flying, the FAA asked the Flight Safety Foundation, a nonprofit watchdog group based in Arlington, Va., to conduct a three-month study of air safety. At the same time, the National Transportation Safety Board, an independent federal agency, announced that it will begin its own investigation of the skyways. The board's review was prompted by both PATCO's charges and congressional worries over safety in the skies. Explained Board Spokesman Barbara Dixon: "Since people were raising questions about safety, we felt obligated to take a look."

The Administration received assistance in its battle last week from the Air Line Pilots Association, which represents 33,000 of the nation's 40,000 commercial pilots. ALPA President John J. O'Donnell had instructed a small group of pilots, including former controllers, at the outset of the strike to collect data on how the system was working. O'Donnell also called upon ALPA members to phone in any hazardous incidents and irregularities. "I can say without equivocation that the air-traffic control system in the country is safe," reported O'Donnell. Bill Reynard, chief of the Aviation Safety Reporting System, a NASA-managed monitoring agency, agrees. Says Reynard: "So far we haven't seen anything out of the ordinary that would cause us to pick up the telephone and call the FAA."

The safety question was inevitably raised, however, by the first midair collision since the start of the walkout. Two small planes approaching the San Jose, Calif., airport

Pilot O'Donnell

*A "near miss" is defined by the Department of Transportation as an incident when two planes come within five miles of each other horizontally and within 1,000 ft vertically

smashed into each other two miles short of the runway, killing one person and injuring two others. Both pilots were flying under visual flight rules (VFR) and thus were responsible for keeping a safe distance from other aircraft. A PATCO official claimed that a San Jose controller had not informed the pilots of each other's positions, but a preliminary NTSB report absolved the control tower of any responsibility for the crash.

Though the skies may be as safe as ever, something is causing large numbers of Americans to think twice about flying. On a normal day in August, about 850,000 people travel by air in the U.S. But last week there were only about 700,000 to 750,000 passengers a day. The airlines were operating only about 75% of their flights scheduled before the strike. Yet most major lines were carrying about the same number of passengers per plane as in the same period last year. Eastern Air Lines, for example, was only filling 66% of its seats, the same as in August 1980, and the drop in business forced it to lay off 1,500 middle management personnel. Mutual of Omaha estimated that sales of flight insurance have soared 25% since the strike began. But what appears to be deterring potential passengers is not so much the safety factor as delays and scrambled schedules. "Safety does not seem to be even a minor consideration," says Delta Air Lines Public Relations Manager Bill Berry. "They are more concerned about return-flight cancellations."

Indeed, airline officials are less concerned about the strike's effect on safety than about adjusting their operations to meet the reduced schedule of flights—and cut down on the estimated $30 million a day now being lost by the industry. Administration officials continue to insist that the 12,000 striking air controllers are fired, and the FAA has turned its attention to rebuilding the air-traffic control system, a task that may take two years. To that end, the agency began accepting applications last week for air controller jobs, which pay $20,462 to start. More than 59,000 completed forms were received within the first two days. ■

Americana

Sting Gets Stung

For five years the Bridgeport, Conn., city government and police force had been under extensive federal investigation. Apparently frustrated by the lack of results, the FBI decided to try an old-fashioned sting. The bait was Thomas Marra Jr., 28, a convicted car thief awaiting sentencing. Marra's father and uncle held a $100,000-a-year contract from Bridgeport to tow stolen cars—or did until last May, when motorists complained that equipment had been pilfered from the recovered autos. The FBI plan: Marra would offer Police Superintendent Joseph Walsh $30,000 to reinstate the contract. Walsh agreed to talk about it last week in a downtown parking lot. With FBI agents eavesdropping, Marra offered a $5,000 first installment.

But at that point the sting got stung. "Put your hands on the dashboard," ordered Walsh. "You're under arrest for attempted bribery." The FBI arrived to find five Bridgeport detectives and a Walsh-invited press contingent who were busily comparing Marra's electronic devices with their own. They had been listening over Walsh's identical body mike from across the street. The Feds demanded Marra, the bug and the cash. "I politely told them where to go," says Walsh. Marra went to jail. An embarrassed FBI was left muttering darkly about investigating who tipped off Walsh. "I smelled a rat," Walsh explained angelically.

Knells for a Preppie Hotel

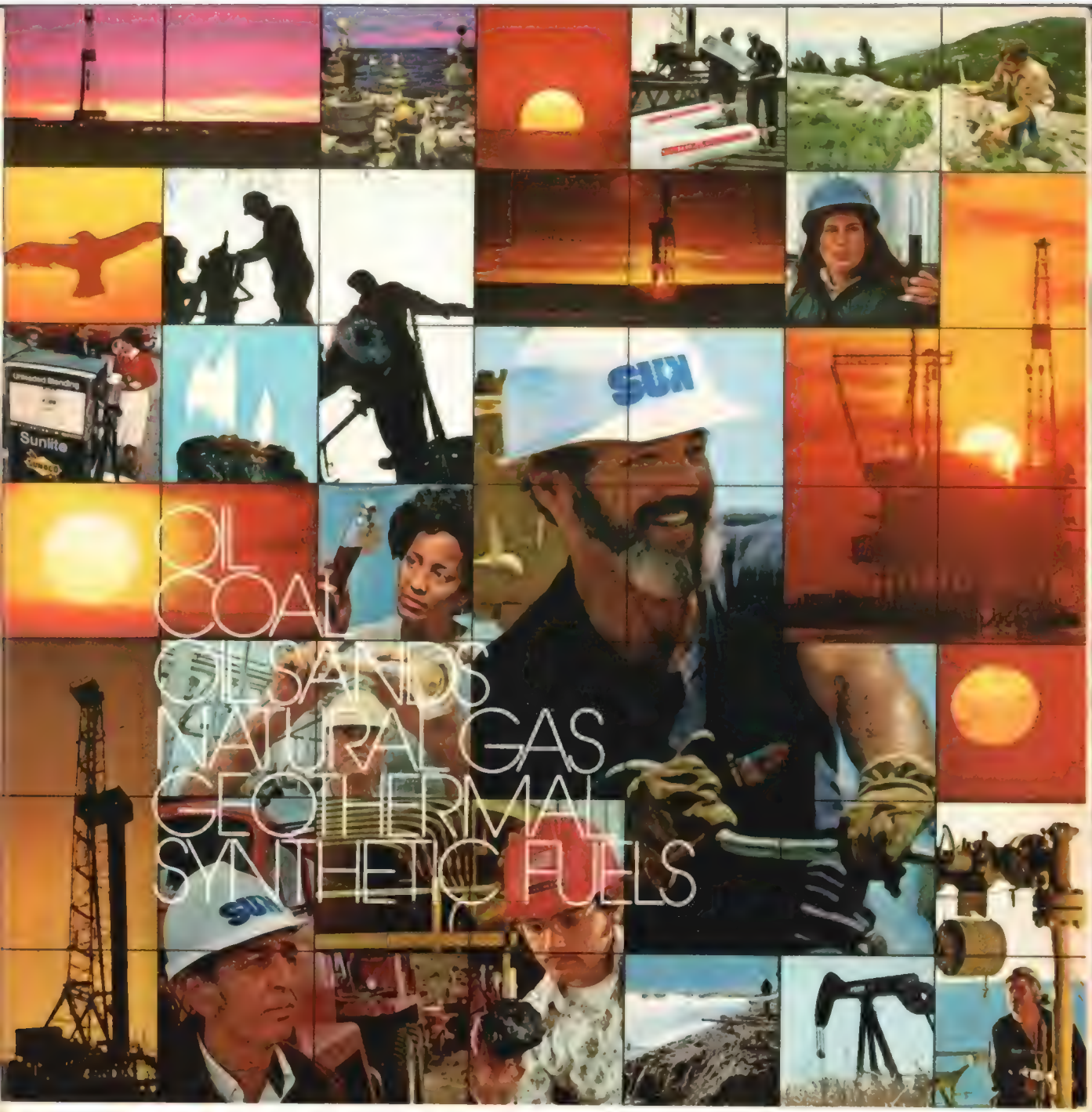
Years before alligator shirts covered every second American torso, long before artifacts of Ivy League style were mass-merchandised, before anyone dreamed of writing an "official handbook," Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel was the premier public place for preppies. Within its vaulting rococo spaces, numberless Princeton boys leered at an endless parade of Vassar girls, while Dartmouth seniors, a little tight, chatted up Smithies. Aging doughboys staggered out of regimental reunions singing. The bubbliness was swell and incessant. Scott Fitzgerald and J.D. Salinger, writing for and about two generations of preppies, each dragged characters through the gilded Palm Court, under the clock at the Biltmore.

But the movable feast moved on in the 1960s, and the hotel grew musty and passé. Earlier this month, when the hotel's owners suddenly began hacking away at the carved wood and plaster walls on the ground floor, less than a quarter of the guest rooms were occupied. The 200 guests had every right to be startled by the demolition. But from the band of local preservationists, who fought a losing three-day legal battle to stop the demolition, the shock was a mockery: they learned in May that the owners planned to strip the 26-story Biltmore and convert it into a bank headquarters. Keepsake nostalgia for the 68-year-old hotel did not impress its proprietors. "The Biltmore is not architecturally significant," said Renovation Architect Michael Gordon. The famous lobby timepiece, at least, will return after the rebuilding. Yet will anyone rush to an assignation "under the clock at the Bank of America"?

Nickel-Dime Raid

For Rocco Rago, an afternoon last month began as usual. He and six of the boys, ages between 56 and 77, gathered in the Sun Valley Village trailer park in Pacheco, Calif., for a little game of poker. The stakes never vary: nickels and dimes, with winners going home as much as $7 richer. Suddenly, two Contra Costa County sheriff's deputies burst into the room. "Freeze! You're under arrest!" they yelled at the gamblers. A tad hard of hearing, one of the boys shouted back, "Whaddid ya say? Whaddid ya say?" But Bob Tebo, 56, heard only too well: "It scared the hell out of me. I've got a heart problem, and I was afraid my heart would stop."

The police were tipped off by an elderly woman resident of the trailer park, who hinted that more than just Lawrence Welk music was being played in the community room. The raiders netted a whopping $13.60 and cited the high-rollers on charges that could have won each six months in the slammer and a $500 fine. The folks at Caesars Tahoe casino in Lake Tahoe, Nev., decided to lend the boys a hand. A bus stocked with food and drink and staffed by a cocktail waitress brought them to the Nevada casino, where they were handed a few bucks each to play their game—without interruption. The biggest winner came away with a pot of $5, but Lady Luck smiled on all seven that day: back in Contra Costa, the district attorney folded and dropped the charges against the cardsharps.



A lot of energy under one name.

SUN

Sun. A lot more than an oil company.

For almost 100 years, Sun has been supplying valuable and needed products to America's industry and consumers.

Today, Sun Company is a broad-based energy company. Sun is working to help secure America's energy future through its commitment to exploration, production and delivery of energy from a variety of sources.

Oil. Coal. Oil sands. Natural gas. Geothermal. And synthetic fuels. A lot of energy under one name. Sun.

Helping to make a new day.

Virginia Slims recalls how the working partnership of 1908 worked.

Her Duties

Fetched wood.
Stoked stove.
Prepared feasts.
Polished floors.
Beat rugs.
Hauled water.
Furrowed garden.
Planted garden.
Weeded garden.
Harvested garden.
Canned foods.
Organized pantry.
Buffed silver.
Baked treats.
Washed windows.
Washed dog.
Fed dog.
Did shopping.
Decorated rooms.
Swept walk.
Sewed clothes.
Mended clothes.
Scrubbed clothes.
Straightened attic.
Aired bedding.
Managed budget.

His Duties

Provided wherewithal & approved where withal went.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Fashions: Bonaventacola

A U.S. Navy F-14 Tomcat fighter in flight, carrying a full complement of Sidewinder, Sparrow and Phoenix missiles

GRUMMAN AEROSPACE CORP

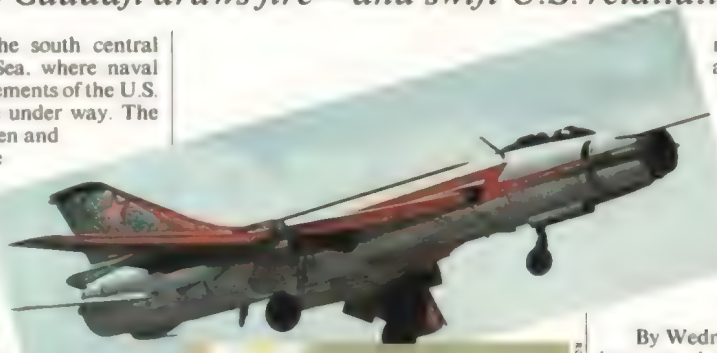
LIBYA

Shootout over the Med

A challenge to Gaddafi draws fire—and swift U.S. retaliation

The scene was the south central Mediterranean Sea, where naval maneuvers by elements of the U.S. Sixth Fleet were under way. The participants were the men and warships of Task Force 60, an armada comprising two aircraft carriers, the U.S.S *Nimitz* and U.S.S *Forrestal*, and 14 support ships. The purpose of the operation: a two-day "open-ocean missile exercise" in one of the less crowded regions of the Mediterranean. At dawn Tuesday, while the bulk of the task force stood at least 100 miles off the African coastline, two destroyers slipped into the northern reaches of the Gulf of Sidra, with the mission of patrolling the southern perimeter of the exercise and watching for stray missiles. As Washington was purposefully aware, the dispatch of the two ships was a sensitive move: the Gulf of Sidra, albeit in contravention of prevailing international agreements, is claimed by Libya, a country the U.S. considers an outlaw nation

As the exercise began, ships and planes fired surface-to-air and air-to-air missiles at target drones overhead. F-14 Tomcats, the U.S. Navy's hottest and most versatile fighter planes, flew combat air patrol, or CAP in military parlance, watching for intruding aircraft and warning off the unwary. Since the landfall to the south was Libya, led by the unpredictable and often hostile Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, and since U.S and French aircraft had been harassed over the Mediterranean by Libyan planes, the U.S. pilots were ready for trouble. To the north of the F-14s flew two carrier-based E-2C Hawkeye radar planes, smaller counterparts of the Air Force AWACS, spotting approaching aircraft and ships.



Soviet-built Su-22 fighter; Muammar Gaddafi

Closing the window of vulnerability.

By Wednesday morning, the CAP had intercepted and waved off about 40 sorties by Libyan air force planes. Each time, U.S. F-14s rolled in beside the interlopers, and the Libyan planes turned and headed for home. Had the Libyans not done so, the American pilots would have had no choice but to escort them through the exercise area, however dangerous it might be, since the craft of both nations were over international waters.

Thus there was nothing surprising or particularly ominous about the approach, at 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, of another pair of Libyan aircraft from the south. The Hawkeyes detected them and radioed the CAP. Two silvery F-14s from the *Nimitz* swung south, spotted the Libyans on their radar, and moved in to identify them. As the two flights approached almost head on, one of the Soviet-built Su-22 planes fired an air-to-air Atoll missile at the F-14s. U.S. forces heard the pilot say in Arabic, "I have fired." He missed. The F-14s had seen the Atoll's smoke immediately and had violently broken away, evading the missile and wheeling sharply around to come in be-

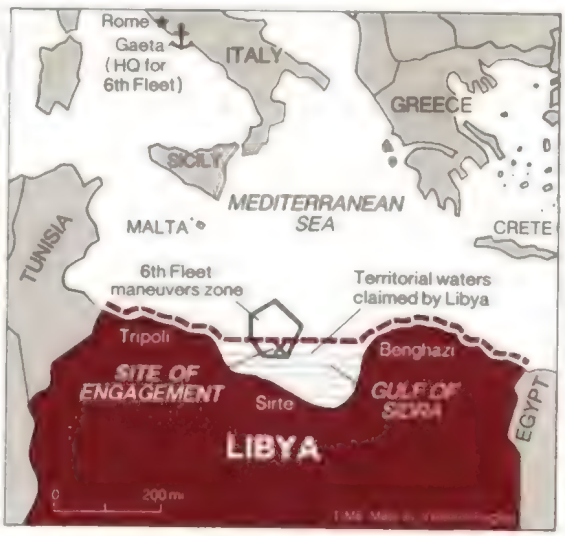
hind the Libyans. U.S. rules of engagement permit pilots to shoot back if fired upon, and each of the F-14s triggered a single heat-seeking Sidewinder missile, each scoring a hit on a Libyan plane. One of the Libyan pilots parachuted from his stricken aircraft, and was promptly rescued by a Libyan patrol boat. The engagement, 60 miles off the coast, lasted no more than one minute. It was the first U.S. military action since the ill-fated attempt of April 1980 to rescue the hostages in Iran.

News of the incident reached Washington within six minutes. As soon as he was notified by the U.S. European Command, at 1:26 a.m. E.D.T., the director for operations of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Air Force Lieut. General Philip Gast, called General David Jones, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. The Defense Secretary in turn alerted other key Administration officials, including National Security Adviser Richard Allen and White House Counsellor Edwin Meese III. Allen and Meese, who were in Los Angeles with President Ronald Reagan, received the news at 11 p.m. local time, but decided that there was no need at the moment to waken the President. The two aides monitored the news for the next 5½ hours before calling Reagan, in his suite on the same floor of the Century Plaza hotel, at 4:24 a.m. Meese said later, "The President was in charge, and if there had been any action he needed to take, he would have been awakened." Reagan saw nothing wrong with the delay. Said he: "If our planes were shot down, yes, they'd wake me up right away. If the other fellows were shot down, why wake me up?"

Libya's immediate reaction to the air clash was relatively mild. The Tripoli government claimed that eight U.S. F-14s had attacked its planes and that one F-14 had been shot down, and at first did not acknowledge the loss of any Libyan aircraft. Colonel Gaddafi, in Aden to sign a political and economic cooperation agreement with the radical regimes of South Yemen and Ethiopia, called for Arab mobilization against the U.S. But his government said that it would take no action against Libya's 2,000 American residents, most of whom are oil-company employees and their families. Nor was there any indication by week's end that Libya, which ranks as the third largest supplier of oil to the U.S., after Saudi Arabia and Nigeria, planned to turn off the taps, for the very good reason that Libya has priced its oil too high and is having trouble finding buyers.

The Reagan Administration insisted that the air clash had come as a complete surprise. A senior White House official described as "preposterous" reports that the U.S. had provoked the incident, explaining, "There could not have been a provocation because the exercises were in international waters." Provocation is, of course, a loaded diplomatic term. There is no doubt that the site of the U.S. action was a challenge to Gaddafi's assertion that he controlled the Gulf of Sidra and that staging the exercise there had been intentional. When asked whether the naval exercise was meant as a lesson to Libya, one State Department official replied: "Look at a map."

President Reagan acknowledged as much the following day on a visit to the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Constellation* off the California coast. "This foray by the Libyans was nothing new over the past couple years," he said. "They have frequently harassed our aircraft out beyond the [disputed] line in the Mediterranean. There have even been incidents of threats of fire. We decided it was time to recognize what are the international waters and behave accordingly." Pointing out that U.S. naval vessels periodically visit the Black Sea, while Soviet vessels sail the Caribbean, he continued, "We didn't go there to shoot down a couple of Libyan planes. They came out and fired on ours when we were holding maneuvers in which everyone had been notified." If there was a message for the world in the incident, said the President, it might be "that we're determined to close that window of vulnerability that had existed for some time."



The Reagan Administration has been trying to put Gaddafi in his place by various means for some time. On May 6, the U.S. asked Libya to close its Washington embassy—or "people's bureau," as the Libyans call their embassies—within five days, charging that its diplomats had intimidated Libyan dissidents in the U.S. and played a role in the attempted assassination of a student in Colorado. The same day the State Department issued the first of a series of statements urging U.S. citizens to leave Libya and avoid visiting it—a warning ignored by U.S. oilmen. Later the U.S. announced that it would help to bolster the defenses of Libya's neighbors, Tunisia and the Sudan, to "deter further Libyan adventurism." In late July, erroneous reports were published that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency was planning to assassinate Gaddafi. This in turn caused a Libyan group called the Free Unionist Officers to threaten a campaign of "physical liquidation" against Americans, including President Reagan.

Particularly irritating to successive U.S. Administrations has been Gaddafi's interpretation of maritime law. The U.S. claims only three miles of ocean as its territorial waters, while Gaddafi insists on a twelve-mile limit. But since 1973, he has also claimed the waters of the Gulf of Sidra, which indents about a third of the Libyan coastline, as an internal sea. In some cases, a nation's sovereignty over a body of water is indeed recognized by international agreement, provided that the mouth of the bay or gulf concerned is no wider than 24 miles; the mouth of the Gulf of Sidra is more than ten times as broad as that. No other nation, not even the Soviet Union, recognizes the Libyan claim.

Since 1973, U.S. naval vessels have operated inside the gulf four times, most recently in July 1979. Last week's venture into the disputed area—the first during the current Administration—was carefully planned. The naval exercise was cleared in July by the National Security Council. Shortly thereafter, the commander of Task Force 60, Rear Admiral James Service, was called to Washington to discuss the operation with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The reason: the exercise was regarded as a subject of "great complexity," said a Pentagon spokesman, and one that was "not without risk." While in Washington, Service reviewed the rules of engagement covering the circumstances under which an airman may open fire on hostile forces. The Administration decided that 1) the U.S. would show Gaddafi that it did not accept his claim to a slice of the Mediterranean and 2) if the Libyans attacked, the U.S. would reply in kind.

Exactly why a Libyan pilot did attack last week remained a matter of con-

The U.S. Government's exasperation with Gaddafi had been building for a long time. Using Libya's vast oil wealth, he has fomented unrest throughout the Middle East and black Africa. In December 1979, at the time of the Iranian hostage crisis, a Libyan mob attacked and burned the U.S. embassy in Tripoli. The Carter Administration quarreled sporadically with Gaddafi; it was also embarrassed by Gaddafi's bizarre efforts to cultivate influence in the U.S. through Jimmy Carter's wayward brother Billy.

jecture. After all, two score Libyan planes had entered the area and left peacefully before the clash, and at least eight more appeared later. The pilot who fired the Atoll missile must surely have known that he was facing superior American aircraft; in any case, at least two Libyan MiG-23s, much more advanced aircraft than the Su-22s, were in the area of the dogfight and did not intervene. Did Tripoli order the attack or did the pilot panic? Did he make a mistake of bravado or simply trigger the Atoll by accident? Or did he perhaps believe that, as had happened at least once before, in 1973, the American planes would not return fire?

Throughout Europe, the reaction to the incident was fairly restrained. The British government seemed sympathetic to the U.S. action, though some London papers felt that Washington had overstepped. In France, which has had its own troubles with Gaddafi, public opinion seemed to favor Reagan. The left-leaning *Le Monde* thought the new Administration had adopted "a doctrine of rising immediately to the challenges that are addressed to it." In Moscow, which regards Gaddafi as one of its few friends in the Arab world, a TV commentator declared that Washington's "piratical action" had caused "a storm of indignation around the world."

In the Middle East, Gaddafi was supported by the Palestine Liberation Organization, Syria, Algeria and South Yemen. P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat, whose commandos have received sizable amounts of arms and ammunition from Libya this year, called the air clash "the beginning of a new phase in the conspiracy against Libya and the Arab nation." Israelis, on the other hand, were relieved. "This will make our lives much easier," said a high-ranking officer in Jerusalem. As for Gaddafi's old enemy Anwar Sadat, the Egyptian President said nothing, perhaps to avoid the appearance of gloating. After weeks of rumors that the American maneuvers were an effort to test Gaddafi, many Arabs were simply nonplused. As the Beirut daily *an-Nahar* noted, Washington might just as well have issued invitations to the air battle. By whatever name—provocation or challenge—it had perhaps not come as all that much of a surprise. ***—By William E. Smith. Reported by Bruce W. Nelan/Washington and William Stewart/Beirut***

Dedicated Troublemaker

In his twelve years as Libya's master, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi has earned a special place on the world stage: that of the quintessential troublemaker. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has described him as "a mental case" and "a lunatic." African neighbors fear his expansionist ambitions. The U.S. considers him an international outlaw and has accused him of meddling in no fewer than 45 nations. When Authors Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre were looking for a villain to cast as the mastermind of a plot to hold New York City up for nuclear blackmail in their novel *The Fifth Horseman*, they naturally settled upon Gaddafi.

The handsome, square-jawed Gaddafi wasted little time in building his reputation. Shortly after leading the 1969 army coup that deposed 80-year-old King Idris, Gaddafi, then only 27, began to apply his peculiar blend of Islamic fundamentalism, Arab nationalism and desert-bred xenophobia to his country. He closed down U.S. and British military bases, expelled 25,000 descendants of Italian colonials, nationalized foreign banks and decreed that all signs and documents be written in Arabic. A devout Muslim, he banned liquor imports and imposed the *Sharia* (Islamic law), which can, for example, punish a thief by amputation of a hand. In 1970 Gaddafi's Libya became the first Arab oil-exporting country to demand substantially higher prices for crude. Around the same time, Gaddafi struck a deal with the Soviet Union, exchanging oil for what would become an arsenal of highly sophisticated weaponry.

From the beginning, Gaddafi's aspirations were not limited to Libya. Hoping to succeed Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser as the charismatic leader of the Arab world, Gaddafi tried to engineer mergers first with Egypt, then the Sudan, Tunisia and finally Syria. He bankrolled Palestinian commando groups, including the extremists of Black September, and at one time made his country a refuge for international air hijackers. By pouring petrodollars into poor sub-Saharan Africa, he persuaded a number of African nations to sever their ties to Israel. At the same time, he proffered arms and money to "liberation" movements across the globe, ranging from the Irish Republican Army to the Philippines' Muslim rebels. Most recently, Gaddafi angered the West by dispatching "death squads" to Europe and the U.S. to murder Libyans opposed to his rule.

BOULEAU—SYGMA

Gaddafi demonstrates his prowess at soccer

Paradoxically, Gaddafi has little to show for his efforts. His merger attempts were rebuffed. His military backing for Uganda's Idi Amin Dada failed to keep that despot in power. Despite generous support for the Palestinians, he has few real friends in P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat's entourage. Gaddafi's only notable success came last December when his forces invaded and virtually annexed Chad.

Yet Gaddafi cannot be dismissed as a madman. "He comes across as cool, self-disciplined, shrewd," reports TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, who has interviewed the Libyan leader twice. "He radiates authority, confidence and self-control." Little is known about Gaddafi's private life except that he lives austerely, sometimes spending days meditating alone in the desert.

In Libya, Gaddafi's eclectic revolutionary ideology, which he calls the "Third International Theory," is summed up in his three-volume Green Book. He describes his theory as "an alternative to capitalist materialism and Communist atheism." Gaddafi has transformed Libya into a *Jamahiriya* (State of the Masses), a system of "direct popular democracy" that operates without constitution, parliament or parties. In practice, it means that he retains almost total power—without accountability. The country's oil riches have allowed him to build a generous welfare state, in which every citizen is guaranteed food, housing and clothing. Although Gaddafi has alienated much of Libya's middle class and some military officers, his future does not appear threatened. "The Libyans are lethargic politically," says a Washington analyst. "They react to political turmoil by retreating to their tribes and clans." Even if Gaddafi's own countrymen put up with him, others, as last week's events demonstrated, may no longer be so tolerant.

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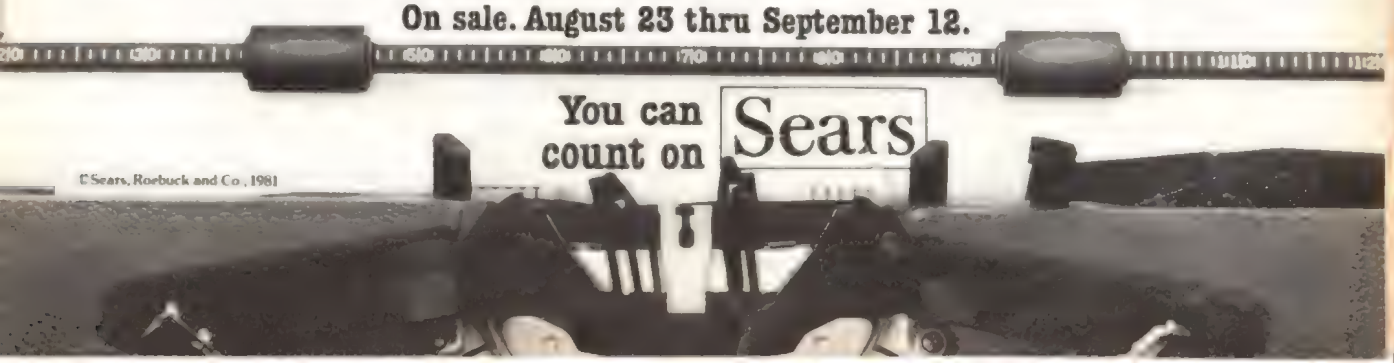

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MIDDLE EAST

The End of the U.S. Embargo

Israel will get its planes, but Begin is unrepentant

The issue had bedeviled U.S.-Israeli relations for ten weeks, and when it was finally settled the announcement came as something of an anticlimax. Having registered its displeasure over the Israeli bombing of an Iraqi nuclear reactor and a subsequent attack on Beirut that killed 300 people, the Reagan Administration last week released 16 U.S.-built jet fighters for shipment to Israel. The U.S. had ordered the embargo to determine whether Prime Minister Menachem Begin's government had committed a "substantial violation" of an agreement with the U.S. that stipulates that American arms shall only be employed defensively.

The question was never answered, as the Administration sought to rid itself of an issue that it increasingly came to see as an obstacle in Middle East policy. An intensive review, explained Secretary of State Alexander Haig, had failed to determine whether Israel's bombing raids had been defensive or offensive. Said the former general: "I think, in a subjective way, one can argue to eternity as to whether or not a military action may be defensive or offensive in character." Begin's attitude was hardly helpful. "The planes were ours," he declared the day before the embargo was called off. "We paid for them. They are Israeli planes made in the U.S." The Prime Minister did not mention that U.S. aid to Israel comes to about $2.2 billion this year.

In the end, the U.S. was unable to exact from Israel even a renewed promise to abide by the contractual restrictions on the offensive use of U.S. weapons. An original embargo of four F-16 jets had been ordered immediately following Israel's raid against Iraq on June 7, mainly out of concern that the attack would jeopardize U.S.-Arab relations. When Arab reaction proved to be less critical than expected, the only question for the Administration was when to end the embargo. Nonetheless, Washington hoped to gain some concessions from Israel in return for lifting it—perhaps even an end to Jerusalem's opposition to U.S. sales of AWACS early-warning aircraft to Saudi Arabia.

In early July State Department Counselor Robert McFarlane was dispatched to see what the Israelis might offer. He came away with only a joint statement saying that "misunderstandings" about the raid had been "clarified." Then, just as the U.S. was about to release the F-16s anyway, the Israelis bombed Beirut. The shipment was held up once again and eventually 14 F-16s and two F-15s were included in the embargo. The hold lasted long enough to avoid embarrassing Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, who visited Washington in early August.

As for the investigation of whether the arms-sales agreement had been violated, one Administration official explained that "it was a classic damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-don't situation." Ruling that there had been no Israeli violation would have provoked the Arabs. Finding the Israelis culpable, on the other hand, would have required drastic U.S. action against Jerusalem, a difficult option for the Administration. Moreover, it would have exacerbated a growing belief in Jerusalem that the embargo was more than a tap on the wrist, that the Reagan Administration, despite its constant protestations of friendship and support for Israel, is determined to open up the diplomatic process in the Middle East.

If its inability to move the Israelis had a sobering impact on the Administration, the White House was still anxious to remove the embargo dispute before Begin arrives in Washington on Sept. 9 for his first visit with President Reagan. The intent is to focus those meetings on the prospects for a resumption of the long-stalled Israeli-Egyptian negotiations on Palestinian autonomy in the West Bank and Gaza. The autonomy issue is also expected to be the main topic of discussion at this week's summit, the eleventh between Begin and Sadat, in Alexandria. Since they last met in early June in the Sinai, Sadat has abruptly changed his attitude toward the Palestine Liberation Organization: he is now publicly calling for the P.L.O.'s inclusion in the peace process and for its recognition by both the U.S. and Israel. He argues that the cease-fire between Israel and the P.L.O. in Lebanon last month constituted tacit mutual recognition. "I was stunned," he says, "when I learned that [P.L.O. Chairman] Yasser Arafat had said the P.L.O. would respect the cease-fire. We must base our next step on this breakthrough."

Yet Israel denies that the cease-fire represented anything like it; Jerusalem remains implacably opposed to dealing with the P.L.O. Warned Begin last week: "If at any time, anybody brings in that murderous neo-Nazi organization [the P.L.O.], then they will negotiate with that organization, but the chair reserved for Israel will be empty." Indeed, in some government quarters, there now are voices advocating complete destruction of the P.L.O. Nor is there much flexibility among the Palestinians. Arafat and moderates in the P.L.O. acknowledge that Israel is there to stay, but recognition will only be the ultimate step. "I am not giving away my cards in vain, for nothing," he said in a recent interview. "I know I have a little card, but it is the most precious card in the play, the trump card."

In any case, Sadat is not expected to press the P.L.O. issue when he sits down with Begin this week. Egypt is anxious to get the autonomy talks revived and settle final arrangements for Israel's complete withdrawal from the Sinai next April. Sadat predicts that he and Begin will be able to sign an interim autonomy agreement. Jerusalem needs a political solution for the occupied West Bank and Gaza, one that will lessen the onus of running a purely military administration in the occupied territories. The need may bring Israel back to its initial position in the Camp David peace process. That stance, as reiterated by a Begin aide last week, was simple. "Look," he said, "everything is negotiable." —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and Roberto Suro/Washington*

Six F-16 jet fighters, destined for Israel, are parked on the tarmac at Pease Air Force Base in New Hampshire

"One can argue to eternity as to whether or not a military action may be defensive or offensive in character."

SOVIET UNION

Trouble down on the Farm

Drought, rainstorms, theft and perennial mismanagement

On the gently rolling plains of southern Russia and the Ukraine, stunted stalks of wheat and corn lay flat on the rich black earth, blighted by drought and wind. In the lower Volga region, rain mercilessly pelted burgeoning grain; harvesting combines stood idle as farmers watched the crop sink into the mud. The forecast is bleak this summer in the *kolkhozy* (collective farms) and *sovkhozy* (state farms) of the Soviet grain belt, where capricious weather has caused a third consecutive bad harvest—with an anticipated shortfall of 51 million metric tons in Soviet grain production.

Ironically, one key purveyor of the bad news to the Soviets has been the U.S. Department of Agriculture. So accurate have its forecasts of Soviet yields proved in the past that the distribution of DOA news bulletins in Washington this summer regularly attracted Soviet journalists. According to U.S. specialists who have analyzed satellite photos of Soviet farm land and who have also visited rural areas, the 1981 grain yield will amount to less than 185 million metric tons—21.6% below the target of 236 million in the current Soviet five-year plan. Grain production will be up imperceptibly from 179.2 million tons in 1979, and down marginally from 189.2 million last year.

Harvesting wheat last month on a farm near Moscow

"They don't have enough machinery to handle the job."

Though the Soviet press has yet to report the full extent of the grain shortfall to its readers, newspapers have been full of revealing stories. Farmers have been exhorted to get crops in as fast as possible, before they are drowned by rain. Warnings have been issued against waste. A front-page editorial in *Pravda* denounced excess eating of bread. *Evening Moscow* cited World War II Veteran N. Semenov's complaint that "it is impossible to stand by indifferently when you see how many dried-up pieces of bread are being thrown out."

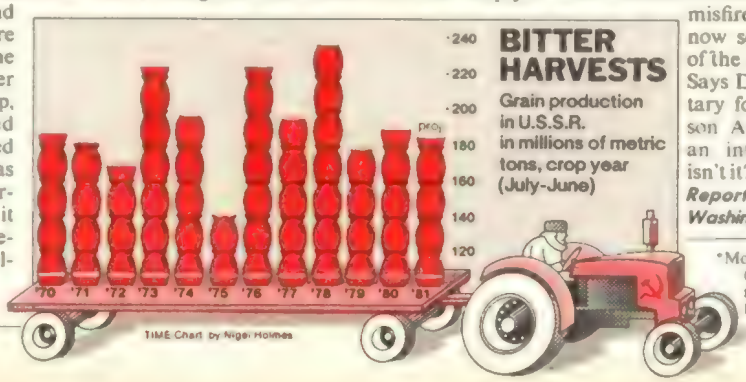
Southern Russia and the Ukraine have sweltered through the hottest summer on record: wheat and corn have withered on the stalk. In addition, the weather played a cruel trick on farmers. When the grain was maturing and needed rain, the skies were cloudless. But as harvest time approached and dry weather was needed to reap the crop, thundershowers drenched the land. Corn, which is used widely for livestock feed, was badly affected in the flowering stage last month when it most needed moisture. Moreover, the unusual heat accelerated the growth of soybeans and barley so that everything had to be harvested at once. *News from the Ukraine* showed men and equipment at work in the fields at night, an indication of the pressure caused by multiple harvesting. Says a Western analyst in Moscow: "The Soviets just don't have enough machinery to handle the job." Climatic vagaries have been compounded by perennial Soviet agricultural mismanagement. Incentives to collective farmers to increase production still appear to be lacking. Gaping holes between rows of wheat and other crops are evidence of farmers' disinclination to make every inch of land count. To compound the problem, thievery is widespread. Says one Western agricultural expert: "Collective-farm drivers just stop their trucks along the road somewhere and empty a pile of grain on the ground. Then they come back to collect it to feed their own livestock or to sell privately." So pervasive is the practice in major grain-growing areas of the Ukraine that police regularly patrol the roads looking for telltale mounds of grain.

TASS FROM SOVFOTO

Finally, poor distribution and simple inefficiency exact a gigantic toll. In some parts of the Soviet Union threshing is still carried on as it was 200 years ago. Foreign travelers report seeing old women in the fields flailing the grain with wooden paddles, then winnowing by throwing kernels and hulls in the air, letting the wind separate the two. Another not infrequent sight: grain combines mowing while collection trucks follow much too far behind. "The combines literally funnel the grain right back into the fields, missing the trucks completely," says one bemused Western specialist. Western estimates put waste at between 20% and 40% of the total harvest.

In spite of these setbacks, the Soviet planners seem determined to furnish the people with enough bread and to prevent the mass slaughter of livestock for lack of feed grains. President Leonid Brezhnev is unwilling to risk a repetition of the demonstrations over food shortages that shook Nikita Khrushchev in 1962, when Russian workers painted USE KHRUSHCHEV FOR SAUSAGE MEAT on factory walls. To avoid reducing supplies to minimal levels, the Soviet leaders are expected to spend precious dollars and other hard currency on importing about 40 million metric tons of grain this year.

Despite President Ronald Reagan's lifting of the partial embargo on grain sales to the U.S.S.R. last April, the Soviet shortfall will be no windfall for U.S. farmers. Angry at Washington for having imposed the sales ban after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Moscow has bought only 1.5 million metric tons of the 6 million tons that the U.S. offered last June. Instead, the Soviets have contracted to purchase 47.5 million tons over the next five years from Argentina* and Canada. An agreement with Australia for up to 3.9 million tons will also help make up the deficit. Clearly, Washington's tactic of using food as a weapon to make Moscow behave in international relations has misfired. Indeed, the U.S. is now scrambling for a share of the Soviets' grain business. Says Deputy Assistant Secretary for Economics J. Dawson Ahalt of the DOA: "It's an interesting turn-around, isn't it?" *—By Patricia Blake. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington*



*Moscow will also take between 60,000 and 100,000 tons of meat annually over the next five years from Argentina.

NORTHERN IRELAND

A New Voice

Republicans keep Sands' seat

"Vote for me and give Thatcher a kick in the teeth. Vote for me and vote for the prisoners." That message, blared across the bucolic landscape of Northern Ireland's Fermanagh and South Tyrone constituency, proved to be a winner in an important by-election last week. At stake was the British Parliament seat vacant since the death of Bobby Sands, the first of ten Irish nationalists who have starved themselves to death in the Maze Prison near Belfast. The victor was Owen Carron, 28, Sands' former campaign manager, whose triumph over Protestant Kenneth Maginnis by 31,278 to 29,048 votes boosted the spirits of the Roman Catholic minority that wants independence from Britain.

PRESS ASSOC. AP OR

Newly elected M.P. Owen Carron

A vote for the hunger strikers.

Carron was helped by the coincidence that only 50 minutes after the polls opened, Michael Devine, 27, became the latest prisoner in the Maze to die as the result of a hunger strike. Serving a twelve-year sentence for illegal possession of firearms, Devine was, like Sands and the other would-be martyrs, seeking treatment as political prisoners for the 700 I.R.A. members now held at the Maze. In Belfast and elsewhere, rioters subsequently attacked police and British troops with gunfire and bombs; at least 30 people were injured, including three soldiers and three Northern Irish policemen.

Neither Carron's victory nor Devine's death was likely to soften Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's stand against the prisoner demands. Indeed, British authorities were encouraged when the family of 25-year-old Patrick McGeown, who had gone blind and suffered from severe head pains after 42 days without food, agreed to let doctors treat him. But some Catholics hoped that Thatcher might be influenced by a bold proposal from an unexpected quarter. In an editorial, London's *Sunday Times*, a pillar of the Establishment, argued that Britain should give up sovereignty over Northern Ireland.

"British policy in Northern Ireland —to try to keep it in the United Kingdom by general consent—has not worked, is not working and will not work," the newspaper declared. Echoing a recent speech by former Prime Minister James Callaghan, it suggested that the six counties of Ulster become an independent nation, enjoying economic subsidies and military protection from Britain. To prevent the Protestants, who outnumber Catholics 1 million to 500,000, from abusing their majority status, as they did before Northern Ireland's civil rights movement erupted in 1968, both Callaghan and the *Sunday Times* proposed a bill of rights enforced by judges from Britain, the Irish Republic and the new state. Countering the oft-heard argument that British withdrawal would provoke a bloodbath, the paper said: "The luckless British army now provokes by its mere presence part of the bloodletting it came to stop."

The voters of Fermanagh and South Tyrone will not be represented in the House of Commons any more by Carron than they were by Sands, whose status as a prisoner prevented him from taking his seat. Carron does not plan to attend Parliament, or even draw his salary. Instead he will concentrate his activities in Ulster. Proclaimed the jubilant Carron after his victory: "The hunger strike will go on until the British government gives in to the demands of the prisoners." ■

POLAND

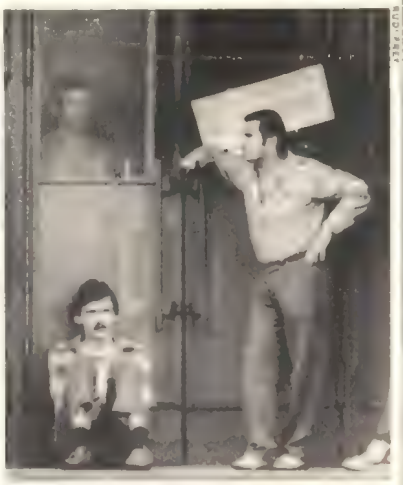
Pressing On

Solidarity scores another first

"No papers on sale today because of strike," the posters on Poland's newsstands announced last week. For two days printers belonging to Solidarity, the independent trade union, occupied the country's main printing houses and virtually shut down the government press—the first stoppage of its kind in the Soviet bloc. This time the aim was not higher pay or more food. What Solidarity wanted was regular radio and television access to present its side of the issues. The union also demanded an end to what it terms anti-Solidarity propaganda in the official press.

The government promptly denounced the strike as a political act, and the union claimed that police in Crackow and Chelm detained 15 Solidarity members for putting up strike posters. Nowhere, however, were the printers prevented from striking. The government ran off skeleton newspapers on army presses and managed to put out a sizable run of the armed forces daily, *Zolnierz Wolnosci*, The Communist Party paper, *Trybuna Ludu*, printed only 150,000 copies of its normal 1.1 million circulation. Most news vendors obeyed a Solidarity call not to sell papers.

At the end of the second day, printers at Poland's largest printing plant, *Dom Slowa Polskiego* (House of the Polish Word), voted overwhelmingly to continue the protest. They had to be persuaded to return to work by Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa, who told them that immediate concessions by the government were not possible. Walesa warned, however, that if the strike produced no results, another confrontation was "inevitable," and that Solidarity's next target would be the country's radio and television networks. Walesa seemed in unusually low spirits, lamenting, without explaining, that Solidarity members had "become shaky, scared and full of uncertainty." Aides said later



UPI PHOTO

Striking workers at Warsaw printing plant

Not higher pay but regular air time

that his dispirited mood was the result of having just learned that his stepfather Stanislaw Walesa had died of a heart attack at his home in Jersey City, N.J.

When the walkout ended, the government first announced that the price of a loaf of bread would quadruple to about 50¢, then announced a delay on the move. *Trybuna Ludu* reported that a meat-rationing program would be "reviewed" and that the present monthly allotment of 6.6 lbs. per person might be reduced rather than increased as had been expected. Solidarity spokesmen said they would continue to press for an economic reform package that would include subsidies for consumers with lower incomes. Otherwise, warned the union's Warsaw chapter, the price hikes could lead to "an explosion of uncontrolled social protest." It was a threat the government could not take lightly: the issue of food prices, after all, had touched off the July 1980 strikes that in turn led to the birth of Solidarity. The government now says the union will be consulted prior to the bread price hike. ■

SOUTH AFRICA

Terror and Repression

Black guerrillas step up their attacks inside the laager

The light brown imbuia wood paneled Supreme Court chamber in Pretoria's imposing Palace of Justice was crowded with black spectators and white plainclothes officers last week as Judge Charl Theron entered the room. Guilty of high treason, said Theron, referring to the three young black men in the dock, all members of South Africa's long-banned black liberation organization, the African National Congress (ANC). The sentence: death by hanging.

The condemned men—David Moise, 25, Johannes Shabangu, 26, and Anthony Tsotsobe, 25—responded to the sentence with forced smiles, a clenched-fist salute and the first strains of a freedom song ("What shall we do to the Boers who shot the people of Soweto?"). Outside, police, occasionally using attack dogs, dispersed a crowd of blacks waiting in Church Square. There were scuffles, and several people were arrested. A small group of women, swathed in brightly patterned blankets, began singing *Nkosi Sikelele Afrika (God Bless Africa)*, the ANC's anthem.

The courtroom where South Africa's harsh justice was meted out last week was the same in which, 17 years earlier, ANC Leader Nelson Mandela was sentenced to life imprisonment for acts of sabotage, including the 1962 bombing of a Cabinet minister's office in Pretoria. The charges against last week's prisoners were graver—an index of how the ANC, long ago an advocate of peaceful change, now reaches for the gun. Moise was charged with the 1980 bombing of fuel storage tanks at South Africa's SASOL coal liquefaction plant, the most spectacular guerrilla attack ever staged in the country, with damage estimated at $7.2 million. Shabangu had thrown a grenade into the home of a black policeman in the sprawling black township of Soweto, near Johannesburg. Tsotsobe had been involved in an armed assault on a Johannesburg police station and in several bombings. As the authorities made clear during the trial, the three men were only part of an increasingly warlike campaign against the government: there have been 38 ANC attacks in South Africa this year, 34 of them in the past three months.

ANC's Tambo

The last of those assaults occurred on the morning of the sentencing. A bomb blast ripped up a section of rail line outside the coastal city of East London—one more sign that the ANC, which was outlawed in 1960, is trying harder than ever to induce a climate of terror among whites in the South African *laager*. From neighboring Zimbabwe, ANC Acting President Oliver Tambo, 63, served notice that such violence will increase. Said he: "South Africa is a highly developed industrialized state. A few determined guerrillas can do a lot of damage—and we have more than just a handful of people in the country."

Railway lines, power stations and shopping centers have been the most frequent targets for the ANC, though damage in almost all cases so far has been slight and human injuries have been minor. Two weeks ago, ANC militants fired four 122-mm artillery rockets into the Voortrekkerhoogte military base outside Pretoria: three failed to explode and only one person was hurt. But the attacks have proved 1) that the ANC insurgents, however badly trained they may be on the whole, are well armed and can handle heavy weapons and explosives, and 2) that they do not shy away from inflicting civilian casualties, including among blacks. Assessing the increase in the frequency of assaults, South African counterinsurgency experts say that the ANC is stepping up the violence in order to win greater international recognition for the movement, which still does not have anything resembling the support accorded to South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO) guerrillas in the disputed territory of Namibia.

The government's response to the ANC campaign has been to tighten up already formidable security measures against the repressed black majority. Last week, more than a hundred police swooped down on a black squatters' encampment near Cape Town and trucked 1,300 homeless black men, women and children off to jail, before sending them to rural reservations. On the military front, Defense Minister Magnus Malan has warned South Africans that "the revolutionary effort against us has reached an extremely dangerous phase." The Pretoria government two weeks ago raised the defense budget by 30% to an all-time high of $2.6 billion. Said Finance Minister Owen Horwood: "In light of recent developments in and around South Africa, defense must remain one of our very highest priorities."

What complicates the government's antiguerrilla efforts is the fact that most of ANC's fighting strength, an estimated 6,000 men equipped mostly with Soviet or Communist bloc weapons, is outside South Africa in the "frontline" states of Angola, Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia. The South African military of 86,000 on active duty and 400,000 potential reserves is already kept busy fighting a brushfire border war against SWAPO guerrillas infiltrating into Namibia. More and more frequently of late, the South Africans are employing "hot pursuit" tactics: military incursions into neighboring black-ruled countries that bring the conflict closer to conventional war. Earlier this year South African commandos crossed the frontier into Mozambique and destroyed what they claimed to be an ANC headquarters near the capital of Maputo. In a more recent clash along the Angolan-Namibian border, several Angolan army regulars and at least two South African soldiers were killed. Such actions have provoked a pointed Angolan response: South African military observers report the deployment in southern Angola, allegedly with Cuban and East German aid, of sophisticated radar and surface-to-air missiles to guard against South African air attacks. Says Major General Charles Lloyd, commander of the South African forces in Namibia: "We are preparing ourselves mentally and physically for a more serious war." —*By George Russell. Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg*

Police hold down black woman outside Pretoria's Palace of Justice following treason trial

"A few guerrillas can do a lot of damage—and we have more than just a handful."

VENEZUELA

Good Will from Petropower

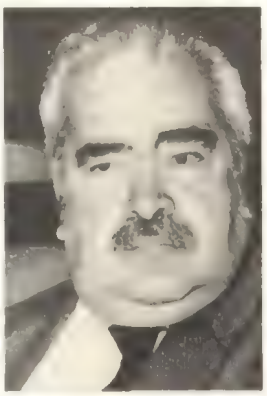
An OPEC member helps bankroll its less well-off neighbors

In Jamaica, the conservative government of Prime Minister Edward Seaga discovered shortly after its election last October that it desperately needed $100 million in operating funds. Seaga passed the word to a group of visiting U.S. and Venezuelan businessmen who were looking at ways to revive the island's near bankrupt economy. Shortly thereafter, Jamaica received a $50 million grant from a confidential Venezuelan government discretionary fund that may total as much as $500 million. An additional $50 million from Venezuela is now being funneled into the island, earmarked for road and airport development, housing, water supply and electrification.

Throughout Central America and the Caribbean, governments are benefiting from a remarkable spirit of generosity on the part of oil-rich Venezuela, a founding member of OPEC and, with 2.2 million bbl. per day, currently the second largest producer in the cartel. In the Dominican Republic, Venezuelan money is helping to finance the construction of a $64 million hydroelectric project, housing, and a $2.3 million alcohol distillery. The tiny island state of St. Lucia (pop. 120,000) has opened a $400,000 asphalt plant, courtesy of Caracas. In Panama, officials are planning to erect a $100 million bridge to span the canal—with Venezuelan backing. An estimated $100 million in Venezuelan money has flowed into embattled El Salvador to prop up the civilian-military government headed by Christian Democratic President José Napoleón Duarte, who spent seven years of exile in Venezuela. Even the right-wing regime of Guatemalan President Fernando Romeo Lucas García, no friend of Venezuela's democratic government, has received an estimated $200 million in oil subsidies.

Venezuelan teachers and technical advisers have fanned out across the Caribbean and Central America; since 1980, in combination with Mexico, Venezuela has offered low-interest loans to needy neighbors to cover as much as 30% of the cost of oil imports. Total Venezuelan foreign aid since 1975 has amounted to some $4 billion, making Caracas the single largest donor in Latin America. (U.S. assistance to the region over the same period totals $2.9 billion.)

As one of only four democracies in South America, along with Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, Venezuela has long been enthusiastic about using its petrodollars to spread its concept of democracy elsewhere in the region. Venezuelan President Luis Herrera Campíns, 56, calls his country's assistance program a campaign in favor of "democracy for the poor." Says Energy Minister Humberto Calderón Berti: "Venezuela's oil is the main stabilizer of the democratic system."



President Herrera Campíns

Behind the rhetoric, there is hardheaded self-interest. As a relatively rich country with many poor neighbors, Venezuela (pop. 17 million) would rather help pay today for political and social stability than run the risk of eventual political radicalism in the area.

The approach is part of a broad strategy of combatting Communist, specifically Cuban, influence in a region where, says the Venezuelan foreign ministry's Leopoldo Castillo, "during most of the 1960s and 1970s virtually all social change was linked to Havana's influence." Venezuela and Cuba have seldom been easy with each other in recent decades; their relationship turned positively chilly last year after Cuban police shot at refugees seeking political asylum inside the Venezuelan embassy in Havana. Caracas withdrew its ambassador in protest.

MATTISON—GAMMA/LIAISON

Still in short supply: Caracas housing

Risking a backlash over money spent.

Yet for all of Venezuela's riches—$8 billion in foreign currency reserves, at least 18 billion bbl. in proven petroleum reserves—some observers are skeptical about the country's ability to sustain its good intentions toward its neighbors. Venezuela's own economic house is not totally in order. Unemployment is estimated at 12%, inflation at 15%. One reason for the economy's woes is that Herrera Campíns' predecessor, Carlos Andrés Pérez, encouraged a series of ill-advised state enterprises, such as steelmaking and air transport, that last year ran up losses estimated at $2.5 billion. Other important sectors of the economy, mainly agriculture, have been corroded by the massive inflow of oil money: once a self-sufficient food producer, Venezuela now imports more than 50% of what it eats.

Nor has Venezuela been able to solve its glaring social problems. The hills around Caracas' glittering downtown of high-rises and posh apartments remain dotted with ramshackle slums, *ranchitos*, where water is scarce and living conditions are crowded and unsanitary. Some 700,000 Venezuelans have no proper shelter; the government housing program designed to help them has been stalled for the past two years because of red tape. Over time, Venezuelans could well grow impatient at seeing money spent abroad when their own needs have not been met, provoking a political backlash. Says one Venezuelan economist: "People here are very nervous, very upset. The government has created expectations that can never be met."

There are no signs, however, that the government plans to end its free-spending foreign aid program any time soon. That is much appreciated in Washington. The Reagan Administration, which has given a more military emphasis to the U.S. foreign aid program, is counting on Venezuela's charitable deeds to help stem the kind of political radicalism that produced Nicaragua's Sandinista government. Secretary of State Alexander Haig met in Nassau last month with the Venezuelan, Mexican and Canadian foreign ministers to map the outlines for a long-term development policy in the Caribbean area, and the officials will meet again later this year to discuss the most obvious economic needs. Says one U.S. State Department official: "Venezuela has been very helpful in developing the initiative." There is no doubt that Venezuela's neighbors feel likewise. —*By George Russell. Reported by William McWhirter/Caracas*

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Crop-dusting biplane hired by local farmers spews pesticide over San Joaquin Valley

Black Friday, Then Brown Rot

California's stubborn Medfly shows up in a lush new area

In San Jose, Calif., an imported-car dealer offers a cash bounty of $100 to any customer who brings in a Mediterranean fruit fly, dead or alive. The hot novelty item in San Francisco gift shops is a Medfly encased in a clear plastic apple. From Silicon Valley's computer whizzes comes a new video game called Medfly Mania: to stem a tide of electronic insects, the players must choose among competing insect-killing strategies while dealing with such all too real obstacles as bad weather, helicopter failures and the accidental release of fertile male flies.

That sort of gallows humor was just about the only relief Californians had last week from their worst agricultural crisis in years. Despite stepped-up chemical warfare, the epidemic of Mediterranean fruit flies showed no signs of waning. The creatures spread beyond the populated suburbs south of San Francisco and approached the very heartland of California's $14 billion-a-year agricultural industry, the fertile 12,000-sq.-mi. San Joaquin Valley. Repercussions were quick and far-reaching. Even as helicopters doused the lush fields and orchards with pesticide, word came from Japan, California's largest overseas agricultural customer (more than $100 million in purchases last year), that it would no longer buy any fruit or vegetables—more than 200 different products ranging from avocados to walnuts—in which the Medflies lay their eggs.

After anxious negotiations between Washington and Tokyo, plus a none-too-subtle warning from California's Governor Jerry Brown that his state might retaliate by boycotting Japanese wares, Japan backed down. At least temporarily, it agreed to accept produce guaranteed to be pest-free. But the Japanese could quickly reverse themselves, and to reassure them, the U.S. Department of Agriculture dispatched a delegation of technical experts to Tokyo to explain just what the U.S. is doing to curb the infestation. Said one American official: "They've got some legitimate concerns."

So do California's farmers. It has been more than a year since Medflies were discovered almost simultaneously in Los Angeles and in Santa Clara County, just south of San Francisco. No one knows where they came from—perhaps in contaminated fruit from Hawaii. But farmers, recalling the devastating losses from past outbreaks, immediately clamored for aerial spraying with malathion, a mild garden-variety pesticide that kills off Mediterranean fruit flies while causing no apparent harm to humans. Nonetheless, California's Governor, who plans to run for the U.S. Senate next year, refused to allow what he called a rain of chemicals on residential areas. Instead, he opted for a slower and more laborious tactic: spraying individual trees from the ground, stripping them of fruit and releasing numbers of sterile male fruit flies to divert females from fertile males and thus keep them from producing offspring.

Lord of the Flies

This "integrated pest management program," as it was called, seemed to work in Los Angeles. But the speckled little bugs continued to show up in the north. By July, officials found Medflies at more than 100 sites and worriedly placed three counties under quarantine. Roadblocks were set up and officials confiscated fruit from vehicles leaving the area. Still, Brown stubbornly refused to permit aerial spraying—until the Reagan Administration finally threatened to embargo all California produce. By then, it may have been too late. Two weeks ago, on what San Joaquin farmers now call Black Friday, a fertile female Medfly was discovered in a trap placed in an apricot orchard owned by Gene Bays, a third-generation California grower in the small town of Westley (pop. 800), near the western edge of the rich farm lands.

Helicopters began spraying malathion the very next day. But still more flies were found. With two neighbors, Bays sent up four crop-dusting biplanes, that released clouds of Diphos, a more powerful pesticide. Next day the number of trapped flies dropped sharply. But farm officials recognized the difficulty of eliminating an insect that can produce 500 or more offspring in a month-long lifetime. In Modesto, not far from San Joaquin's lush fields, where tomato, peach and melon crops are now ripening, one had this to say about the tiny foe: "It's probably some place out there already and we just don't know it yet."

In Sacramento and Washington—to say nothing of President Reagan's Rancho del Cielo—Republicans could take wry pleasure in speculating about the effects of the Medfly crisis on the Democratic Governor's political ambitions. Farmers began declaring that the state's real plague is "Brown rot." A new poll showed that a stunning 60% of all Californians rated Brown's handling of the situation as poor.

Yet unless the Medflies are contained, they could spread to other states as well. Some have already appeared in Florida. Each new outbreak will require more spraying, at considerable cost. Much produce would be lost, and consumers would have to pay more for fruit and vegetables, spoiling the Reagan Administration's anti-inflation efforts. Everyone would be a loser. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Dick Thompson/Modesto*

OPEC's Geneva Debacle

Petroleum producers fail in a desperate attempt to find unity

For a brief moment last week, it looked as if the two years of chaos in the world's oil markets were ending. Saudi Arabia appeared about to force its moderate pricing policy on the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. But then, after a week of frantic negotiations behind closed doors in Geneva's luxurious Intercontinental Hotel, the oil ministers broke up in deadlock. Instead of agreeing to a compromise formula that would have reunified OPEC's crazy quilt of prices, which range from a low of $32 per bbl. to a high of $40 per bbl., they left the world's oil game still bedeviled and in disarray.

Saudi Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani

"We are happy with the price of oil at $32."

OPEC's failure to arrive at a common price for its product was the fourth such unsuccessful effort in the past two years, and the outcome guaranteed more upset and uncertainty in oil markets. Concludes Energy Economist James McKie of the University of Texas: "I had expected OPEC to converge on a unified price sooner than this. But prices have become political symbols in these countries, and Geneva was a political meeting."

The deadlock comes at a bad time for OPEC but a good time for just about everyone else. With petroleum prices weakening for months on world markets, OPEC needed to show political solidarity in order to prevent competitive price cutting. Their customers, though, can look forward to at least a temporary respite from oil-fired inflation.

The oil ministers' multiplying troubles came as the direct consequence of the organization's past excesses. By not curbing the price-gouging tactics of hard-liners such as Nigeria, Libya and Algeria, OPEC has pushed up the cost of crude by almost 90% in the past two years, to an average price in excess of $34 per bbl. That rise has fanned inflation and cut economic growth around the world. More important, it has led businesses and individuals to reduce consumption and start looking to such alternative energy sources as coal, natural gas and solar power.

Per capita use of energy in the U.S. has dropped by more than 12% since 1978, and in West Germany it has decreased 9%. Says André Michel, an oil trader for the Swiss-based Albaco Oil Co.: "It has taken consumers a long time to respond to high prices. But things have finally begun to change. If it had happened sooner, the price of a barrel of crude today would be $15 and not more than $32."

While global demand has been slipping, OPEC's share of the market has also been diminishing. Mexico, Britain and other non-OPEC producers have increased their output and become more significant in the world oil trade. From a production level of 31 million bbl. per day in 1979, OPEC's output has dwindled by nearly one-third, to little more than 21 million bbl. daily, its lowest rate since the 1960s. One sign of OPEC's declining clout came last week, when the U.S. Government signed a five-year contract to buy some 110 million bbl. of crude worth $3.5 billion. The oil will be funneled into the U.S. Strategic Petroleum Reserve.

The biggest losers from these changes in the world energy market are three of OPEC's leading price hawks: Libya, Nigeria and Algeria. These countries have steadfastly forced customers to pay as much as $40 per bbl. Since April, output in Libya has dropped by nearly 60% to 750,000 bbl. daily. The decline has been steep as well in Nigeria and Algeria. Both nations have limited petroleum reserves but large populations and ambitious economic development programs that they hope to pay for with the income from oil exports.

Saudi Arabia, OPEC's biggest single producer, sees the new market situation as an opportunity to replace OPEC's current pricing free-for-all with a system of regular and more moderate price rises. The desert kingdom has adopted this strategy because its own oil interests are very different from those of the price hawks. Saudi Arabia has a small population and almost inexhaustible petroleum reserves. It wants to keep price increases moderate so that the industrialized countries will remain important clients for Saudi oil well into the 21st century and will not rush to adopt significant conservation measures or produce energy substitutes.

To force down the prices charged by OPEC's hard-liners, Saudi Arabia since last October has been pumping upwards of 10.3 million bbl. per day of crude, or 20% more than normal, and selling it for a base price of $32 per bbl., the lowest available from any OPEC member. The result: a temporary worldwide miniglut that has swelled inventories in the consuming nations and put pressure on oil exporters to cut prices.

Venezuelan Energy Minister Calderón Berti

"No reason for us to come down in price."

By the start of last week's Geneva meeting, oil experts believed Saudi Arabia's tactics had paid off and that a behind-the-scenes compromise deal had been cooked up. The purported agreement: the Saudis would raise their price to $34 per bbl., while the rest of OPEC would drop down to match it. In return,

Saudi Arabia would cut production to about 8.5 million bbl. daily, thereby tightening the market and helping to support the new price.

Saudi Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani further encouraged hopes that a compromise would be reached, telling journalists coyly on the first day of the conference: "We are happy with the price of oil at $32 per bbl., but we do not oppose a little increase." As the conference unfolded it became clear that there was no firm deal at all, and one reason was that both Indonesia and Venezuela were having little difficulty selling oil for more than the $34-per-bbl. maximum price that Yamani would accept.

Said Venezuelan Energy Minister Humberto Calderón Berti bluntly: "There is simply no reason for us to come down in price." The makings of a deadlock were suddenly present.

Further complications arose when Nigeria announced that, unless a reunified pricing agreement was reached, it would undercut even Saudi Arabia's existing price of $32 per bbl. for comparable grades of crude in order to boost sales. The country is currently losing an estimated $1.5 billion monthly from its dwindling oil business, and its $8 billion in foreign exchange reserves could run out by year's end. "They [the Nigerians] are on the verge of panic," said one conference delegate. "We are all nervous about this."

By the fourth day of negotiations, all the early smiles were gone. Said Indonesia's oil minister Subroto: "Perhaps some of our early optimism was a bit premature. The mountains are higher, and the valleys are deeper than we had thought."

With negotiations totally stalled, the delegates took an unprecedented step. They asked their heads of government to appeal to Saudi Arabia's King Khalid to accept a compromise at $35 per bbl. But the effort came to nothing. As a belated gesture of good will, Yamani announced as soon as the conference ended that, although his country was sticking by its $32-per-bbl. price, it would nonetheless help tighten the market for other OPEC producers by cutting Saudi production by 1 million bbl. daily in September.

Last week's debacle in Geneva will keep downward pressure on world oil markets in spite of the Saudi cut, at least for a while. But the price relief could be surprisingly short-lived. Reduced OPEC production has already begun to work off the global crude surplus. Constantine Fliakos, an oil analyst with the Merrill Lynch investment firm, calculates that world oil production is now falling short of demand by at least 1 million bbl. per day. Autumn, when northern countries prepare for winter, is normally a period of increased energy demand. And, although oil tanks are full, they could quickly begin to empty. Then oil prices might start climbing once again. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by William Blaylock/Geneva*

Heady Days for the Dollar

The payoff and the perils of a strong currency

The economic turn-around promised by Ronald Reagan is still dim and distant, but at least one stunning shift in U.S. financial fortunes has already unfolded: the rebound of the dollar. Since January, the American currency has risen by 14% against the Japanese yen, 27% against the West German mark and 33% against the Italian lira.

The spectacular surge in the value of American money is an abrupt reversal of a decade-long, disorderly slide that began in August 1971, when President Nixon severed the dollar's traditional link to gold. In the years that followed, relentless U.S. inflation and mounting trade deficits sent the dollar crashing on world money exchanges. In 1978 and again in 1979, the dollar plunged so precipitously that the U.S. Treasury had to spend billions propping up its value. But nothing worked for long. A dollar that bought 3.5 West German marks in 1971 was worth only 1.7 marks at the end of 1979.

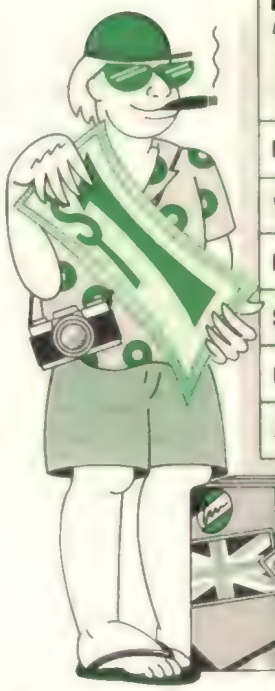
The dollar's condition first started to improve while Jimmy Carter was still in office. High U.S. interest rates in 1980 began to entice foreigners to convert their money into dollars for investment in America, thus driving up the dollar's exchange rate. President Reagan early this year quickly proclaimed his commitment to a tight monetary policy, and the dollar's worth continued to climb. As Poland smoldered, the Middle East flared and the French voted in a Socialist government, jittery money traders and investors looked to the U.S. as a bastion of political stability. The dollar in recent weeks has reached a four-year high against the pound, a five-year peak against the mark and postwar records against the French franc and Italian lira.

The dollar's swift ascent, however, has been almost as unsettling as its previous weakness. American businessmen say that the robust currency has made their products too expensive abroad, and European leaders blame U.S. interest rates and the strong dollar for prolonging Europe's recession and fueling inflation.

Up until now, the dollar's strength has had a mostly positive impact on the ailing U.S. economy. Since last year the inflation rate has fallen from 12.4% to under 9%. Economists believe that the dollar's surge may have caused as much as half of that decline. Says Charles Schultze, who was President Carter's chief economic adviser: "The dollar's appreciation is undoubtedly putting downward pressure on inflation in the U.S."

As a result, consumers are finding bargains on imports. The price of an 18th century–style Italian-made end table at Bloomingdale's in New York City, for example, has dropped from $200 to $179 since February. At Ernie's Liquors in San Francisco, the cost of a bottle of Jadot Beaujolais wine has dipped nearly 30% to $4.99 in the past year. American Motors this summer has offered a 10% discount off the $7,398 sticker price of the Renault R-18I that it imports from France. Retail prices of Japanese electronic goods are expected to fall soon.

But while a strong dollar helps fight inflation in the U.S., it can push up prices in countries that are heavily dependent



HAVE BUCK, WILL TRAVEL

Amount of foreign currency that one U.S. dollar would buy

	1st week of 1981	Week ending August 21	% change in U.S. $
French franc	4.51	5.92	+31%
W. German mark	1.95	2.47	+27%
Italian lira	928	1,236	+33%
Swiss franc	1.76	2.15	+22%
British pound	0.41	0.54	+32%
Japanese yen	200.9	228.6	+14%

TIME Chart by Renee Klein

on imported oil. World petroleum prices are fixed in dollars, and so when the American currency is strong, foreigners must spend more of their own money to pay for the same amount of oil. As a result, the effective price of imported crude for Japan and Western European nations has exploded by as much as 33% this year.

Those higher oil costs ripple through economies and raise the prices of almost everything. A new report from the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development predicts that by next year the dollar's rise will add two percentage points to the average European inflation rate, which now stands at about 13%. The report also noted that the dollar dilemma will delay Europe's recovery from recession for at least six more months.

In the long run, however, some economists believe that the strong dollar could be Europe's salvation instead of its scourge. Export-oriented countries like West Germany can now offer their products much more cheaply in the U.S. market and boost sales. Concludes a study by the Chase Econometrics consulting firm: "Europe is in the early stages of a classical export-led recovery, in which lower currency values lead to higher, not lower, growth. As exports grow, so do industrial output and employment."

But the same forces that favor European exporters could ultimately hurt American businessmen. Warns C. Fred Bergsten, Assistant Treasury Secretary under President Carter: "This enormous appreciation of the dollar has badly damaged the competitive position of American products in world trade." Harvard Economist Otto Eckstein, who is chairman of the Data Resources consulting firm, predicts that U.S. exports, which grew by 15.2% in 1979 and 9.6% in 1980, will decline this year by 1.3%.

U.S. exporters, big and small, are already feeling the pinch. St. Louis–based Monsanto Co., which racked up more than $1 billion in foreign sales in 1980, reports a 15% decline so far this year in its overseas shipments of chemicals and textile fibers. Masco Corp. of Taylor, Mich., with export earnings of $67 million last year, fears that its overseas sales of plumbing and oil industry equipment may fall as much as 10%-in coming months. Says Miran Sarkissian, the firm's director of international development: "Customers are balking. They have postponed orders." Earlier this month V.J. Electronics Inc., a small Los Angeles firm, was preparing a $20,000 shipment of amplifiers for the Margrit F. Linn Co. of Frankenforst, West Germany. Three days before the goods were scheduled to go out, V.J. suddenly received a cable from the German company canceling the whole order "because of the increased value of the dollar." Says Mark Wilkinson, V.J.'s marketing director: "We've dealt with them for a long time and we know them. It's discouraging and it kinda hurts."

The strong dollar puts pressure not only on U.S. exporters, but also on all American businesses that face competition from foreign imports. The U.S. steel industry, for example, is already hard hit. Since January steel shipments from West Germany, Japan and other competitors have jumped 45%. Foreign companies have now captured 17.5% of the American steel market. Other industries expected to be hurt by rising imports include autos, apparel, machine tools and consumer electronics. Former Treasury Official Bergsten fears that unless the dollar weakens, up to 1 million Americans will lose their jobs.

Many economists are starting to believe that the dollar has become overvalued and will soon begin to slip. Rimmer de Vries, an international monetary expert at the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., predicts that the current account, which measures the net international flow of goods and services to and from the U.S., will swing from a $10 billion surplus this year to a $5 billion deficit in 1982. That deficit will in turn drive down the value of the dollar, perhaps by as much as 10%.

Few moneymen, however, predict that the dollar will fall back to the depths reached in late 1979. International experts generally believe that the U.S. is finally confronting its inflation problems, and they are betting that this will mean a stronger dollar in the future. Says Joop van Kessel, an economist at the Amsterdam-Rotterdam Bank: "There is a general feeling that things are working for the best in the U.S. That confidence has a lot to do with Reagan's cowboy image and strong personality." Even European government officials, who have been battling to bolster their currencies, give Reagan a grudging nod. Italian Treasury Minister Beniamino Andreatta attributes the dollar's rise to the "coherence and very strong new credibility of the American government." But that credibility could crumble quickly at the first signs of an easing in the war on inflation.

While there are both benefits and drawbacks in a strong currency, the overall effects on the U.S. economy are positive. A weak dollar in the late 1970s permitted American companies to grow lax because they rarely had to worry about being undersold by foreign competitors. Now a strong dollar will force U.S. firms to hold down prices and boost productivity both at home and abroad in order to be leaner, tougher and more competitive. William MacKenzie is export manager for a small Los Angeles company that sells household appliances and building supplies to Europe, the Far East and Latin America. Says he: "It's kind of tough to see business go out the door because of this high dollar. Yet at the same time, I support Reagan's policies. I think he's right. So I'll just tighten my belt and work harder." *—By Charles Alexander. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Bernard Baumohl/New York*

Expense-Account Living for Less

Thanks to the sky-high value of the dollar, U.S. businessmen going abroad no longer need to take along a CARE package of cash. The annual survey by Britain's *Financial Times* reports that London, which last year was the most expensive destination in the world for an American, has fallen to 26th place among 100 major business cities. The cost of bed and breakfast at a first-class London hotel is now only $91.02, as compared with $137 in 1980. Brussels, fifth on the list last year, has plunged to 30th place.

Even Tokyo, which two years ago boasted the world's highest prices, has fallen to 13th place. Paris, which is in third place, retains its reputation for *haute cuisine* and *haute* prices. A dinner for two at a top restaurant costs $127.72. But, says Richard Rahn, chief economist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce: "It is now possible not only to travel to Paris but also to have dinner there."

Many of this year's most expensive business destinations are obscure spots in the Third World. In Accra, Ghana, a three-mile taxi ride costs $10.92. A drink in a bistro in Kinshasa, Zaïre, is $6.05. The most expensive city in the world at present is Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, where U.S. companies, including TRW, Intel and Playtex, operate manufacturing plants to take advantage of low wage rates. A hotel room with breakfast there is a stunning $155.36. The world's least expensive city this year, as last, is Peking. A capitalist looking for a share of the China trade can dine on Peking duck for $17.77 and rest his head for a mere $29.88 a night.

Stylish dining out in Paris

Lending Low

Help from the company store

Americans buying new houses are exploring a whole range of so-called creative financing schemes to ease the pain of 17% mortgage rates. These include asking the owner to accept part of the home loan and elaborate borrowing plans that trade initial low monthly payments for steeply higher ones later. Consumers are also changing the way they finance their new cars. More and more people are borrowing money for a car from the auto company that built it rather than from the bank around the corner.

A decade ago, 62% of car loans were made at banks, while the financial subsidiaries of the auto companies (General Motors Acceptance Corp., Chrysler Financial Corp. and Ford Motor Credit Co.) had only 24% of the business. By early this year, according to the National Automobile Dealers Association, the banks' share had fallen to just 35.9%, while the car companies had garnered 42% of the market. The GMAC loan volume has increased from $12.8 billion in 1978 to an annual rate of about $20 billion this year.

During August, General Motors is trying to lure buyers into the showrooms with new-car loans at the bargain-basement rate of 13.8%. That would cut the total cost of an average $7,600, 45-month car loan by about $550 and reduce monthly payments by $12. The prevailing bank rate for an auto loan is now about 16%. The bank's figure traditionally has averaged a percentage point or so below that of the auto company.

How is it possible for GMAC to lend money at 13.8% when the prime rate is 20.5%? The answer is that GMAC borrows the funds it puts out as loans in the long-term bond market, where interest rates are lower. The company still has $300 million worth of old borrowing on its books at 4¾%, and even the interest charges on new GMAC bonds are still much less than the prime. So far in 1981, GMAC has issued bonds worth $1.75 billion at an average rate of 14.1%. Given the overall size and maturity of its bond portfolio, GMAC is roughly breaking even when it lends customers money at 13.8%.

Many banks are cutting back on car loans because they are being squeezed between the high cost of acquiring new money and state usury laws that limit the amount of interest they can charge. Banks in 20 states have all but given up on auto loans. Some moneymen are bitter about the loss of the car loan business. Says Roland Sittermann, vice president of the Southeast First National Bank of Miami: "Rates like GMAC's 13.8% are ridiculous. Banks are not about to compete with something like that when we have nothing to gain."

Prospective buyer peers under the hood of an Oldsmobile at a dealer's in Warren, Mich.

"Banks will not compete with GMAC's 13.8% when they have nothing to gain."

Chrysler was the first automaker to link interest rates to sales. Early last December Chairman Lee Iacocca complained that the then 18.5% prime rate was "ridiculously high," and he cut car prices by 6%. This summer, however, both Chrysler and Ford have used the traditional sales stimulants of cash rebates and dealer incentives instead of interest-rate promotions like GMAC.

Some GM dealers say that the interest-rate publicity is helping sales in a normally slow period. Dick Shirley, general manager of Don Mealey Chevrolet in Orlando, Fla., reports that the program boosted his sales by 67% during the first half of August over the same period in July. Other dealers are angry because they are partially paying for the loan scheme: GM has cut the commission it pays to dealers for steering customers to GMAC. Yet after two years of a dismally poor car market, salesmen are happy to back any plan that helps to move autos out of their showrooms. ■

Name Game

New wine in old bottles

Honda's lawnmower

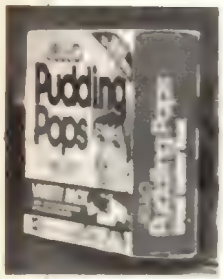
Mrs. Paul's Kitchens faced a dilemma. Its main product is frozen fried fish, but what should it name a new line of frozen fried chicken? Recalls Marketing Director Richard Boucher: "We decided that a chicken stick is just another flavor of fish stick and that we should go with the Mrs. Paul's name." The new commercial for its fried chicken: "Even if you don't like fish, you can still love Mrs. Paul's."

More and more companies are making the same decision as Mrs. Paul's. They are using established brand names on new products, a strategy known on Madison Avenue as "brand extension." Honda Motor Co. made sure its well-known automotive name was prominently displayed on the firm's new power lawnmower. General Foods named its dessert-on-a-stick Jell-O Pudding Pops. Also in the testing stage: Jell-O Slice Creme, a freezer cake mix; and Jell-O Gelatin Pops, whipped gelatin on a stick. "The consumer is suspicious of exaggerated claims and therefore trusts certain brand names," says John Diefenbach, president of Landor Associates, a San Francisco design firm that advises clients on marketing.

Brand extension is basically a way to get more sales bang for the marketing buck. Experts say it now costs $30 million or more in advertising and marketing to launch a new brand nationwide, and just one item in ten survives. By presenting buyers with a familiar name, companies generally increase the chances of success. Says Edward Tauber, a University of Southern California marketing professor: "It's a method for a company to enter a new business through the leverage of its most valuable asset—the consumer awareness, good will and impressions conveyed by its brand name." Deere & Co., the farm machinery manufacturer, did not hide its marketing tactics. The slogan for its line of insurance: "Our good name is the best insurance you can buy."

Companies can also profit from their good brand name by licensing it to other manufacturers. Levi Strauss capitalized on the success of its blue jeans by selling the right to use the Levi's name on boots, shoes and special models of Amer-

JOHN DEERE INSURANCE
Our good name is the best insurance you can buy



Jell-O's Pops

ican Motors' Jeeps. The familiar Playboy trademark appears annually on $120 million worth of products worldwide, including gold cigar boxes in Tokyo and men's toiletries in London.

But selling new wine in old bottles has its dangers. One possibility is that the new product may take sales away from the old one. When it was introduced in 1964, Maxim freeze-dried instant coffee, which was named to trade on the reputation of Maxwell House instant coffee, stole millions of dollars in sales from the older product. Other attempts at brand extension fail because the gap between the old and the new items is too wide. Arm & Hammer, for example, unsuccessfully tried to stretch its baking-soda name to include an underarm deodorant. The company is still trying, however. It has put its name on new deodorants for carpets and cat litter.

Another risk with brand extension is that the new product will be such a flop that it will tarnish the company's original good name. A few years ago, Wyler Foods added a line of low-priced flavored drink mixes to its established lemonade brand. Not only did the new line fail to take off but many consumers stopped buying the lemonade.

Often companies discover, however, that their old image is so established that the best approach is to start over with an entirely different brand name. Campbell Soup tried test-marketing the name "Campbell's Very Own Special Sauce" for a new spaghetti sauce. It flopped. "People told us that the name made the sauce seem like it was soupy or watery, something like tomato soup," says Herbert Baum, marketing vice president. But when the sauce was named Prego, which means please in Italian, it started taking off. "It cost us a lot of money to introduce Prego," says Baum with a sigh. "But if it is successful, then we can use it as a base to extend another new line." ■

A trio of Arm & Hammer products

A Greek Drama at the Polls

Elections amid uncertain growth and 20%-plus inflation

Is the tenth and most recent member of the European Community about to become its first dropout? That is one of many urgent economic questions facing 6.6 million Greeks this summer as their country prepares for autumn parliamentary elections.

Burdened with the highest inflation rate in the European Community and a slumping currency, the four-year-old center-rightist government of Prime Minister George Rallis is coming under a withering campaign assault from left-wing Socialist Opposition Leader Andreas Papandreou. The one-time University of California economics professor, now head of Greece's far-left Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement, or PASOK, blames his country's misfortunes on everything from membership in the European Community to its return last year to full military participation in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Piraeus vegetable market; above left, PASOK Leader Papandreou; Prime Minister Rallis

Investors are holding back on new ventures until they see the results of the balloting.

Though PASOK holds only 93 of Parliament's 300 seats, *vs.* 172 for Rallis' ruling New Democracy Party, the Papandreou organization has rapidly gained strength since its founding in 1974, after the collapse of seven years of military rule. The outcome of the election is now considered a toss-up.

PASOK has been able to cash in on Greece's social and economic troubles. The country's current rulers look weak, in part because extremist violence has climbed sharply in recent months, with a heretofore unheard-of wave of politically inspired department-store fire-bombings and arsonist attacks.

Meanwhile, the country's economy is stagnating. Seven years of skyrocketing oil prices have sapped Greece of its economic vitality, cut growth by more than half and sent inflation soaring. The Rallis government has sought to boost growth by integrating Greece as quickly as possible into the European Community. Over the long term, Greece stands to benefit handsomely from Community membership. It would receive upwards of $1.8 billion in regional economic and industrial development aid by 1986.

But in the short run, European Community membership has pushed up inflation by forcing Greece to raise price supports for the country's farmers. Just after Greece joined the Community in January, food prices spurted upward briefly, reaching an annual inflation rate of 30%.

The overall inflation rate, which reached 26.2% last year, has lately begun to ease off slightly, and now stands at about 23%. John Paleocrassas, Rallis' London-educated Minister of Coordination, speaks confidently of a rate of no more than 19% to 20% by year's end. But John S. Costopoulos, managing director of the Credit Bank, is less sanguine. Says he: "Anything under 22% would make me quite happy."

The improvement in prices, though, is likely to result from a looming economic slowdown. Growth was running at 5%

annually from 1974 to 1978, but last year it dropped to 1.6%. This year economic activity is officially projected to range between 2% and 2.5%, but some economists think the estimate might turn out to be on the high side. One reason is the precipitous drop in investment, both domestic and from abroad, as businessmen mark time until they see whether the left wins in the fall. Admits Paleocrassas: "People are hedging, waiting for the outcome of the election."

Slower growth could begin pushing up unemployment, which at 2.6% of the labor force is one of the few really bright spots in the Greek economy. Rising unemployment would of course limit the ability of either Papandreou or Rallis to pursue a sustained anti-inflationary policy, and that would simply curb economic activity even more.

Though PASOK calls for the state takeover of such key Greek business sectors as steelmaking, petrochemical fertilizers and the cement industry, Papandreou has refused to spell out precisely how this would occur or how businessmen would be compensated. As PASOK's election prospects have improved, Papandreou's position has moderated somewhat. He no longer urges outright withdrawal from NATO and the European Community or a shutdown of U.S. bases. Instead, he is calling for a referendum on Community membership and annual negotiations with the U.S. on the status of bases. Although a Socialist government in a country has never before been an invitation to foreign investment, Papandreou boldly says, "If we become the government, there will be a real wave of new investment in Greece."

Rallis aides charge that Papandreou is simply trying to hide his true Marxist views until after election day. But Papandreou retorts Delphically: "A party that is close to attaining power, or has assumed it, has several intermediate objectives, which are determined not only by its ultimate goals but also by the strength of the prevailing winds."

Whatever the outcome of the election, the future course of Greece's economy is not encouraging. If Rallis and his New Democracy party are returned to power, the government will have to take unpopular measures to reduce inflation. Moreover, many sectors of the economy suffer from long years of neglect and unrealistic pricing. The phone service, for example, is primitive because politically popular low prices (1.6¢ for a local call) have made it impossible to raise money to modernize telecommunications facilities. But if Papandreou and PASOK become the country's new rulers and start a massive program of nationalizations, Greece's economy will be headed for turmoil and uncertainty. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by Walter Gailing/Athens*

Dividends

Two-Career Conundrum

Corporations that shuffle male executives from city to city are running into stiff resistance from the two-career family. Sometimes the wife of an employee being transferred is unwilling to give up her rewarding job. In other cases, the couple fears that it will be forced to scale back a two-paycheck life-style because the wife may be unable to find comparable work in the new city.

Executive relocation services, which in the past have concentrated on finding new homes for employees on the move, are now looking for ways to deal with the two-career dilemma. New Horizons Corp. of Stamford, Conn., has created a subsidiary that acts as an employment agency specializing in finding jobs for spouses. Another Connecticut-based relocation firm, Home Buyers Assistance Corp., has developed the Job Information Bank, a computerized catalogue of likely employment openings for spouses with about 150 companies in Connecticut and New Jersey. Explains Benno Curtis, senior vice president of Home Buyers Assistance: "If A T & T brings in John, then maybe GTE has an opening for Jenny." The job bank has helped more than 50 wives with their job search.

Keys to Curbing Crime

Hotel rooms have always been havens for thieves, as Actress Jaclyn Smith, former star of the *Charlie's Angels* television show, found out earlier this month when a crook slipped into her suite at London's Berkeley Hotel and made off with rings, bracelets

and a necklace worth about $110,000.

But some hotel owners are turning to computerized electronic locks to foil burglars. The most popular system is made by Uniqey International of Santa Ana, Calif., and is used in 20 European and American luxury hotels from the Helmsley Palace in New York City to the Hilton International in Dusseldorf, West Germany. Instead of being given a normal key that can be easily copied, guests receive a thin paper card containing a metal foil strip with a precise pattern of holes punched in it by a computer. When someone inserts the card into a small box on his room door, a battery-powered electric motor opens the latch. When a customer checks out of the hotel or reports his card missing, the computer changes his room combination. The electronic watchdog has a total of 4 billion constantly changing combinations. Managers at hotels using computer keys say that the system has virtually eliminated larceny.

The main drawback to Uniqey is its plush price tag: about $200,000 for a 500-room hotel. But hotel executives predict that the traditional key may become as rare as bellboys with round red caps.

Armchair Air Controllers

While the air controllers' strike drags on like an endless wait in a holding pattern at a busy airport, some people are trying their own hand at guiding planes to a landing. No cause for alarm. They are playing one of two video games that have become popular since the start of the strike. The games: Air Traffic Controller ($11.95) and Flight Path ($9.95).

Both products provide amazingly realistic scenes of life in a control tower. With Air Traffic Controller, a radar-like air map on the video screen displays two airports and two navigational reference points. Off to one side, the speed, altitude and destination of incoming traffic are recorded. The player is supposed to shepherd 26 planes, while constantly watching to make certain that no two planes collide. He has between 16 and 99 min. to guide all the aircraft to safety. If he makes a fatal mistake, the dreaded word "conflict" flashes on the screen.

David Ahl, president of Creative Computing, the maker of Air Traffic Controller, thinks that his game's popularity is due to a growing public interest in simulating real-life situations. Says he: "The games allow people to ask what-if questions without serious consequences." Ahl says that sales of another game, Sterl, are also doing well. Players of that one fight off an ecological disaster—like an infestation of Mediterranean fruit flies.

Do you think you're smoking the lowest tar cigarette? Think again.

Why do you think your brand is lowest? Because its ads say so?

But other brands' ads are saying the same thing—that they're the lowest in tar.

Just where is a tar-conscious smoker supposed to turn?

Well, numbers don't lie. So we've put the tar levels of all these claiming-to-be-lowest brands into the chart below.

That way you can see just how much tar your brand has. And something else—there's one brand lower in tar than any of the other "lowest" tars.

Now is the lowest 100's Box. Now is the lowest 100s Soft Pack. And there's no cigarette in any size that's lower in tar than Now.

Do you want to know for sure that you're smoking the Ultra Lowest Tar™ brand?

Well, there's only one—Now.

NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE, IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.

	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method except the one asterisked (*) [illegible] FTC Report May '81

NOW
The Lowest

The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method

People

Along with diet books, cat books and advisories on how to make a profit from the coming apocalypse, there is a growing shelf concerned solely with mastering that infuriating, six-sided, six-colored, 27-part boggler with 42.3 quintillion possible combinations known as Rubik's Cube. The latest entry: *You Can Do the Cube* (Penguin; $1.95) by **Patrick Bossert,** 13, a London schoolboy who discovered the cube only this spring during a family ski vacation in Switzerland. Within five days he had mastered the monster, and later began selling his schoolmates a four-page, mimeographed tip sheet for 45¢. An alert editor at Penguin saw a copy and persuaded the prodigy to turn pro. The 112-page result contains three dozen "tricks" for solving the cube (using logic rather than

Bossert showing his better side

math), as well as a chapter on "Cube Maintenance" (to loosen a stiff cube, "put a blob of Vaseline on the mechanism") With 250,000 copies of the cubist's book in print, a Penguin executive marvels: "It's the biggest, runaway, immediate success we have had since we published *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in paperback."

■

"It's a wonderful life and Balmoral is one of the best places in the world," quoth she. And why not? **Diana,** 20, and **Prince Charles,** 32, had just returned from their two-week Mediterranean honeymoon aboard the royal yacht *Britannia*. Tanned and rosy, the newlyweds—he showing more leg than she in his Gordon Highlanders kilt—ventured down to a bridge by the River Dee on **Queen Elizabeth II's** Scottish estate. There they tarried for a session with about 50 photographers and reporters. Asked whether she made breakfasts fit for a King, Diana replied: "I don't eat breakfast." When presented with a bouquet of white heather, roses and carnations, she smiled graciously, then cocked her head and inquired: "All on your expense accounts?" The Balmoral bout yielded thousands of pictures, but that was not the kind of prints charming Diana had in mind, and so the session may be the last for a while. Said Charles: "A very happy Christmas to you all."

■

Was **Herman Wouk,** 66, presiding over a **Truman Capote** lookalike contest? No, just posing with some extras for the ABC-TV mini-series of his sprawling novel *The Winds of War*, to be aired next year When the author dropped by during location shooting in Siena, Italy, he was written in for a nonspeaking walk-on as an archbishop Director **Dan Curtis** figured there was no point in making it all play and no Wouk.

Wouk flanked by Italian extras for his acting debut as an archbishop in ABC's *The Winds of War*

Charles and Diana posing in their country finery at Balmoral

If your Scrabble vocabulary does not run the gamut from *adz* (a wood-shaping tool) to *xylyl* (an oily chemical), don't worry. Neither does **Alfred Butts'**—and he invented the game. An out-of-work architect during the Depression, Butts, 82, began developing it 50 years ago this month, us-

Butts with his Scrabble original

ing wood molding and blueprint paper. First known as Lexico, then as Criss Cross Words and finally, in 1946, by its current name, the game attracted a growing cult of Scrabble-rousers, until it became the bestselling word game in the world. Alfred's wife **Nina** regularly beat him at his own game. In one memorable match, she logged a devilishly high word score of 284 on *quixotic*, running through two triple-word scores. When Nina died a year and a half ago, Butts lost interest in his creation, to which he had sold the rights. Besides, says he, "I have always been described as an indifferent player. I am a poor speller."

By E. Graydon Carter

COVER STORY

Life into Art

Garp Creator John Irving strikes again

The pieces of the dream machine are in place. Scaffolding has been erected against a brick building for a shot involving a small boy who nearly falls off a roof. At the edge of a vast lawn, a fake rock wall and Styrofoam cannon mark the location of the sex scene. The trucks that moved the cameras, props and coils of electrical spaghetti have been converted into Teamster poker parlors. For the hot, thirsty crew that has assembled this summer on the bosky Georgian campus of the Millbrook School near Poughkeepsie, N.Y., it is another wrap in the filming of *The World According to Garp*. But for John Irving, author of the 1978 bestseller, and for Robin Williams, the movie's star, the working day has two sweaty hours to go.

Irving, 39, a former collegiate and A.A.U. wrestler, has been hired by Director George Roy Hill (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) to coach Williams for Garp's match at Steering School, the fictional New England prep school of the novel. Accompanied by Sons Colin, 16, and Brendan, 11, Irving arrives at the Millbrook gym dressed to grapple: red singlet, kneepads and ear guards that resemble perforated saucers. In preparation for his role as the epical Wrestler-Writer T.S. Garp, "Mork" Williams has selected a modified outer-space look: a shiny blue and green workout suit that encases him from neck to ankles.

Good habits are worth being fanatical about.

—Setting Free the Bears

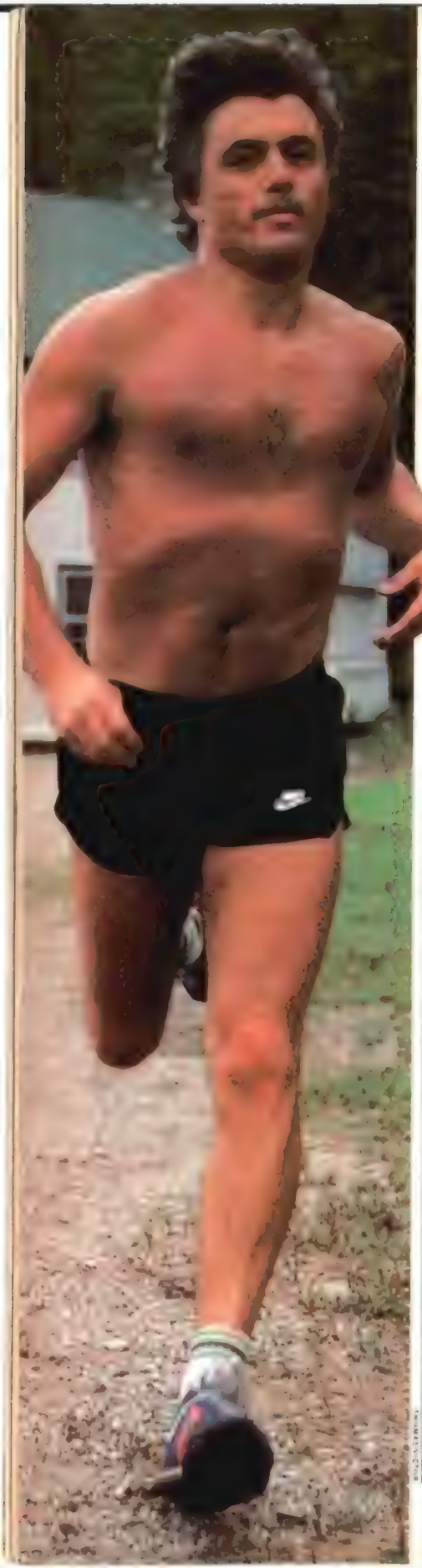
Williams has his work cut out for him. This is no cheeky celebrity-jock special for weekend TV. His mentor is the most successful "serious" young writer in America. Few novelists are rewarded financially as well as critically. Fewer still make cultural waves. In the '50s J.D. Salinger produced *Catcher in the Rye*, the *Huckleberry Finn* for the Silent Generation. Readers in the '60s and early '70s rallied around Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*, with its "karass," and the casually philosophical "So it goes," from *Slaughterhouse-Five*. The end of the decade belonged to Irving and Garpomania: a choice of paperback in six delicious cover colors and T shirts reading I BELIEVE IN GARP and BEWARE OF THE UNDERTOAD—a phrase that Irving attributes to Son Brendan, who once misunderstood a warning about swimming in the ocean.

There is also Irving the physical phenomenon. He has dark, heartthrob good looks. Though he seems slight—he is 5 ft. 8 in. tall and 155 lbs.—his bulk is imposingly carried in a wedge from shoulders to waist. Not since Hemingway has a well-known American writer worked as hard on his body as he has on his prose. Rarely a day goes by when a bout at the typewriter is not followed by a roll on the mat with his sons, a three- to six-mile run or a session bench-pressing weights until he tires. "I do not lift for bulk or definition," he notes, "but for stamina."

He needs it. His activities on the film expanded voluntarily from coaching to advising Scriptwriter Steve Tesich (*Breaking Away*) how to make Williams a convincing literary hero. Irving also appears briefly in the movie as the referee peering intently into knots of arms and legs. In addition, he is currently finishing two weeks of teaching and readings at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Middlebury, Vt., appearing with such admired colleagues as Stanley Elkin and John Gardner. After that he goes on to New York to participate in the editing of *Garp* footage. He is also working on a short novel based on Ivan Turgenev's *First Love*. Irving came under the influence of the Russian masters at New Hampshire's Phillips Exeter Academy, where his stepfather Colin Irving introduced Russian studies to the curriculum.

All this is mere preliminary to the season's main event, the Sept. 30 publication of *The Hotel New Hampshire* (E.P. Dutton; $15.50), Irving's fifth novel. Though the first edition numbers 175,000 copies, Dutton has already ordered a second printing of 100,000. Pocket Books, which sold more than 3 million paperback *Garps*, has paid $2.3 million for reprint rights to *Hotel*.

Like *Garp*, the new book is a startlingly original family saga that combines macabre humor with Dickensian sentiment and outrage at cruelty, dogmatism and injustice. Unlike *Garp*, *Hotel* aggressively links realism with the tone and symbolism of fable. Imagine a fairy tale dealing explicitly with rape, incest, prostitution and terrorism. Imagine the Brothers Grimm without the dense mythological overlay



Novelist John Irving running in Vermont

The new 401-page book grew out of *The Pension Grillparzer*, the short story that Irving folded into the heart of *Garp*. That work tells of a father who takes his family to stay in a seedy Viennese hotel. It is home to a rundown Hungarian circus whose members include a shinless man who walks only on his hands and a depressed bear on a unicycle.

The moving force of *Hotel New Hampshire* is a sweet though dangerous dreamer named Winslow Berry (Harvard, 1946), who transports his household to the city of waltzes and Wittgenstein. There he buys a hotel that is part brothel and part headquarters for nitwit anarchists. Berry has previously failed in this line of work. In the first half of the novel, the superbly elegiac voice of the narrator, Win's son John, describes his father's attempts to convert a second-rate private school in "Dairy, N.H." into the first Hotel New Hampshire. Berry's business decisions include leaving the table and chairs in some of the former classrooms screwed to the floor and not changing the minisinks and kiddie toilets in bathrooms once reserved for the first grades.

To each other, we were as normal and nice as the smell of bread, we were just a family. In a family even exaggerations make perfect sense.
—Hotel New Hampshire

The Berry clan is affectionately bizarre, yet their various fates embody the powerfully personalized truths that tilt the world according to Irving. The cast of characters

Win Berry. The charming troublemaker begins his career on the New England coast with the purchase of an aging trained bear called State O' Maine and a 1937 Indian motorcycle with sidecar. The seller is a vagabond named Freud, who after World War II lures Win into the Viennese hotel deal. The hapless entrepreneur is blinded by a radical's bomb and winds up at the third Hotel New Hampshire, in Maine, bought by his surviving children. Only the children do not have the heart to tell him that the resort has been turned into a rape crisis center; his life of illusion is thus lovingly preserved.

At the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Middlebury, Vt.
"It was simple—anything I did except writing was going to be vaguely unsatisfying."

Mary Berry. Win's wife and mother of his five children. She makes an early exit when her Europe-bound plane crashes into the Atlantic. Her departure is crucial because she was the only one who could keep her husband loosely tied to reality.

Franny. The eldest Berry daughter, who has inherited her mother's fudge-detector Early on, for example, she perceives that timid Brother John is deeply in love with her. The unorthodox resolution of this passion is postponed many years because of Franny's reaction to being gang-raped by preppies. But honesty, blood ties and spunk prevail. She is avenged and finds happiness as a famous actress and wife of an ex-professional football player

Lilly. Youngest daughter and saddest Berry. Less than 4 ft. tall, she is neither big nor lucky enough to handle her illusions. She becomes a bestselling author before jumping from her 14th-floor New York apartment. Her death underscores the book's most haunting refrain, "Keep passing open windows."

Frank. Almost as sad as Lilly. A loyal, ungainly homosexual, a cynic and pedant who ends up as a successful literary agent.

Egg. The youngest Berry and almost too painful to mention. He plunges into the Atlantic with his mother and Sorrow, the stuffed remains of the family's old, flatulent Labrador retriever. It is the first object that pops to the surface after the crash. Hence another refrain, "Sorrow floats," repeated throughout the book.

Iowa Bob. Paternal grandfather, football coach and source of the important maxim: "You've got to *get* obsessed and *stay* obsessed." Bob embodies the necessity to live with purpose and goals. Ironically, he dies of fright.

Horace Walpole once said that the world is comic to those who think and tragic to those who feel. I hope you'll agree with me that Horace Walpole somewhat simplifies the world by saying this. Surely both of us think and feel; in regard to what's comic and what's tragic, Mrs. Poole, the world is all mixed up.
—Garp

Mrs. Poole was the Findlay, Ohio, housewife who wrote T.S. Garp to complain that his books made fun of people's troubles. Win Berry's son John will receive no such mail. He lives almost entirely in his family. His preparation for life is largely symbolic; as a jogger and weight lifter, he has the strength and endurance to repel invaders and shoulder his relatives' burdens. Characteristically, he marries the most imaginatively troubled woman in the book, a rape victim who spends many angry years in a bear suit as a bouncer at a brothel

Unreal? Naturally. Bizarre? Of course. Irving takes considerable pleasure in bucking the normal expectations of an

audience. The prevailing taste of most contemporary readers is for realism, especially when the technique applies to incredible romances and hollow documentary fiction. *Garp* proved that there was a large unfulfilled appetite for imaginative literature—for the athletically contorted novel that, nevertheless, rings emotionally and psychologically true.

Hotel New Hampshire should continue to appease that hunger, even though its first-person narrative precludes the life-to-death cycle that made T.S. Garp so overtly heroic. John Berry's story is not resolved in violent, dramatic action but in a quiet balancing of sorrow and hope. It is a difficult act, and it is not faultless. The dazzling characterizations and sense of American place in the first part of the novel tend to get scuffed in transit to Europe. There are tics and indulgences. But the book is redeemed by the healing properties of its conclusion. Like a burlesque *Tempest*, *Hotel New Hampshire* puts the ordinary world behind, evokes a richly allusive fantasy and returns to reality refreshed and strengthened.

On the set of *Garp*, Director George Roy Hill guides Robin Williams as Irving looks on

Oh, the things you want/ Are very private/ Private, private,/ Very private. Oh, the only ways there are/ To get them/ Are very public/ Public, public

—Setting Free the Bears

"Mr. Irving? He's a good account," says Robert Fairchild, owner of the Putney General Store at the intersection of Main and Route 5. "He buys his wines here—mainly California—sometimes stops in for a cold drink after jogging. And," says Fairchild, emphasizing how general his store is, "I'm also his tailor." As it turns out, he makes John Irving's dress clothes, fitting the author's 40-in. chest and 32-in. waist with skill and elegance, and charging $300 for a suit that would cost $600 in Boston or New York.

Irving keeps these spiffy outfits for big-city occasions, preferring the local plumage for everyday: jeans, worn flannel shirts and running shoes, as long as there is no snow on the ground. Putney is in extreme southern Vermont, the part that carloads of weekend skiers whiz through on their way to the slopes of Stowe and Sugarbush. In summer, dairymen graze milk herds on the low hills. There are apple orchards, small farms and a nursery that specializes in wild flowers.

THOMAS VICTOR

Irving jokes with Novelist Stanley Elkin at Bread Loaf

Affluent parents of Boston and thereabouts know the town for the Putney School. It has tutored children of the famous, including some Kennedys. The area holds other well-known people, including retired Senator George Aiken, former Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and Painter Jim Dine. Ted Williams is said to visit an ex-wife occasionally in these parts.

But the style around town is to be underwhelmed by celebrities. Very Yankee. Says General Store Owner Fairchild: "Putney people are close-mouthed: they don't advertise."

Certainly not Putney's most famous literary resident. The mailbox at the foot of the road leading to John and Shyla Irving's house is flat black and conspicuously free of lettering. But the sign on the garage at the top of the road reads THE DOG BITES. He does, too, under the name of Stranger, part shepherd, part Husky, part senile. One whiff of the garage where Stranger lies dreaming is enough to realize who probably inspired Sorrow, the old Labrador.

A snappish dog was unnecessary in the days before *Garp*. But after his smashing success, Irving's 19th century converted red barn became a target for autograph seekers and scraggly youths offering to do odd jobs for a chance to receive Garpian wisdom at the feet of their reluctant guru. In fact, before Irving's rugged head was known to the nation, the author was a Putney person who *did* advertise.

After his first novel, *Setting Free the Bears*, was published, Irving's Volvo carried vanity plates bearing the single word FROT. It was a mispronunciation of a familiar four-letter sexual expletive that was used throughout the book by a lunatic European. Says the author in his clean, tight accent: "I lived in Putney for ten years, and people would keep coming up to me and saying, 'What does that mean?' That was a way of revealing to me that they had not read my book, so I would lie and say things like 'It means peace in Finnish.' But gradually it got out what it meant and people were not so approving."

Years later, FROT gave way to GARP, resulting in honking by tailing motorists and notes under the windshield wipers.

Irving and Colin practice holds and escapes during wrestling workout at home in Putney, Vt.

A $100 bet that on his 40th birthday father can still beat son is probably already lost.

Recalls the motorist: "It was like driving around with a sign on your head." The big, blue '78 Checker and white '79 Volvo now in the driveway carry impersonal numbers. The old green and white vanity plates hang at casual angles on a small shed at one end of Irving's swimming pool.

One has to look hard around the house to find other signs of big spending. Shyla Irving, a professional photographer, now has a well-equipped darkroom; she recently put a $1,000 lens on an old camera. The kitchen is dominated by a cast-iron Garland, a gas stove prized by serious cooks. Outside on a lawn, surrounded by a neighbor's fields and orchards, there is something that at first appears to be a helicopter landing pad. It is a wrestling mat.

Anyone seeing them in the wrestling room would have thought they were a parody team miming wrestlers, moving with an exaggerated gentleness antithetical to their purpose. They lumbered and rolled and carried each other around in an almost elderly fashion. Some of them, tired from running in the woods or straining against the weightlifting contraptions, actually slept. They came to this hot-house wearing double layers of sweatsuits with towels around their heads, and even as they slept they kept a sweat running. Tight against the wall and in the corners of the room where they would not accidentally be rolled on, they lay in mounds like bears.

—The 158-Pound Marriage

Like writing, wrestling requires great individual effort. One belongs to a team, but Irving's vivid image is a long tunnel of lonely concentration. He began "rolling around" at Exeter.

David Plimpton, a New York psychologist, was Irving's school sparring partner 20 years ago. He recalls the future novelist as highly competitive and tenacious. Says Plimpton: "He had a very good side-leg takedown. On top he could ride about anything. He was a real urban cowboy."

Adds Frances ("Frankie") Irving, 62, the author's mother and a longtime wrestling fan: "He was aggressive. His senior year he won every match."

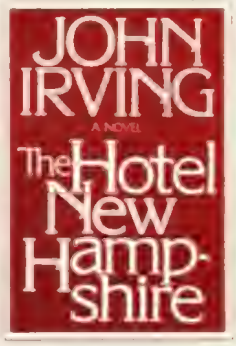
Irving is passing his knowledge and enthusiasm for the sport on to his sons. Brendan, built like his father, is just beginning. Colin is already a promising prospect. He is 5 ft. 10 in. with big hands and an uncanny instinct for his opponent's next move. Says Irving: "I have a $100 bet with Colin that I'll beat him on my 40th birthday, which is only 20 days away from his 17th. But he is already beating me. He's got the money in his pocket unless I catch him."

"History takes time," Irving once wrote. "I couldn't wait to grow up," he now says, remembering his years at Exeter. "I was a humorless kid. I was not an entertainer; I was very grim." Frankie Irving's view of her son is less

A Sampler from Irving's New Novel

It was an up-and-down day at the Hotel New Hampshire, getting ready for New Year's Eve: I remember that something more pronounced than even the usual weave of silliness and sadness seemed to hang over us all, as if we'd be conscious, from time to time, of hardly mourning for Iowa Bob at all —and conscious, at other times, that our most necessary responsibility (not just in spite of but *because of* Iowa Bob) was to have fun. It was perhaps our first test of a dictum passed down to my father from old Iowa Bob himself; it was a dictum Father preached to us, over and over again. It was so familiar to us, we wouldn't dream of not behaving as if we believed it, although we probably never knew—until much later—whether we believed it or not.

The dictum was connected with Iowa Bob's theory that we were all on a big ship—"on a big cruise, across the world." And in spite of the danger of being swept away, at any time, or perhaps because of the danger, we were not *allowed* to be depressed or unhappy. The way the world worked was *not* cause for some sort of blanket cynicism or sophomoric despair; according to my father and Iowa Bob, the way the world worked—which was badly—was just a strong incentive to live purposefully, and to be determined about living well.



"Happy fatalism," Frank would speak of their philosophy, later; Frank, as a troubled youth, was not a believer.

And one night, when we were watching a wretched melodrama on the TV above the bar in the Hotel New Hampshire, my mother said, "I don't want to see the end of this. I like happy endings."

And Father said, "There are no happy endings."

"Right!" cried Iowa Bob—an odd mixture of exuberance and stoicism in his cracked voice. "Death is horrible, final, and frequently premature," Coach Bob declared.

"So what?" my father said.

"Right!" cried Iowa Bob. "That's the point: So what?"

What you mean, how old am I? About one hundred! But Viennese answer is better: we say, "I keep passing the open windows." This is an old joke. There was a street clown called King of the Mice: he trained rodents, he did horoscopes, he could impersonate Napoleon, he could make dogs fart on command. One night he jumped out his window with all his pets in a box. Written on the box was this: "Life is serious but art is fun!" I hear his funeral was a party. A street artist had killed himself. Nobody had supported him but now everybody missed him. Now who would make the dogs make music and the mice pant? The bear knows this, too: It is hard work and great art to make life not so serious. Prostitutes know this too.

Even before she started talking to Franny, I could see how desperately important this woman's private unhappiness was to her, and how—in her mind—the only credible reaction to the event of rape was *hers*. That someone else might have responded differently to a similar abuse only meant to her that the abuse couldn't possibly have been the same.

"People are like that," Iowa Bob would have said. "They need to make their own worst experiences universal. It gives them a kind of support."

"She probably has had a most unhappy life," Iowa Bob would have said.

"You're not being logical," Frank said, and I glared at him.

Father looked at Franny. It reminded me of the looks he occasionally gave Mother; he was looking into the future, again, and he was looking for forgiveness—in advance. He wanted to be excused for everything that *would* happen. It was as if the power of his dreaming was so vivid that he felt compelled to simply act out whatever future he imagined—and we were being asked to tolerate his absence from reality, and maybe his absence from our lives, for a while. That is what "pure love" is: the future. And that's the look Father gave to Franny.

"You can't be twenty-two all your life," I remind him, and we lift and lift for a while. On those mornings, with the Maine mist not yet burned off, and the sea damp settled upon us, I can imagine that I'm just starting the voyage all over again—I can believe I'm lying on the rug old Sorrow liked to lie on, and it's Iowa Bob beside me, instructing me, instead of me instructing my father.

The author of *Garp* at one year, four months

harsh: "He was not an exuberant or overenthusiastic child, although I don't think it's quite accurate to label him as an introvert. I think he kept a lot of things to himself." Classmate Charles C. Krulak, now a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps, remembers a different John. Says Krulak: "He was a popular and natural leader, and a superb mimic. He also had a real talent for the short story. I don't recall any of their plots except that they usually concerned 138-lb. wrestlers."

As the son of a faculty member, Irving felt the need to uphold high standards of behavior. As captain of the school wrestling team he piled up points. His grades were another matter. Though Irving excelled in history and English, math, science and foreign languages pulled him down to a C-minus average. It took him five years to get through Exeter. Still, by the time he graduated at 19, he knew what he wanted: to continue wrestling and to write novels. At the time they were difficult ambitions.

Rejected by the University of Wisconsin, he went to the University of Pittsburgh, "because of the coach." But outside of New England, the collegiate lightweight found the competition too stiff. After a dispiriting year, he left for the University of New Hampshire at Durham, only ten miles from Exeter. "I felt that I had not got anywhere," he says. In fact, he had come to the right place. The English faculty included a young Southern novelist named John Yount (*Wolf at the Door, The Trapper's Last Shot*), who told the restless student with the broad shoulders and burning brown eyes what he wanted to hear. "It was so simple," Irving remembers. "Yount was the first person to point out to me that anything I did except writing was going to be vaguely unsatisfying."

The advice was timely; Irving was fast on his way to being an angry and violent young man. He would go to a working-class Durham bar dressed in preppie clothes and wearing glasses. Sitting quietly with a beer and a book, he would wait for someone to tease and push him around. Then, he says, "I'd tie them up in knots and leave them on the floor." The game lasted until one victim's girlfriend knocked him cold with a napkin holder.

By 1963 it was time to move on. Irving left U.N.H. and enrolled at the Institute of European Studies in Vienna, which he chose because it sounded more exotic than London, Paris or Madrid. "It is good," he says, "for a writer to go to a place where everything is novel, where you can't even take the butter for granted, where the mayonnaise comes in a tube instead of a jar, where you are made to notice even the trivial things—especially the trivial things."

Before going abroad, Irving took a course in German at a Harvard summer session. There he also learned the language of love. At a Cambridge party, the expatriate-in-training met Shyla Leary, a tall, dark-haired student of engineering and physics at Radcliffe. Says Shyla: "I was going out with a Saltonstall at the time. But I passed a bedroom and saw John alone sitting in his shorts and playing a banjo. I said to myself, 'That's for me.' " She had to wait a few months to get him.

At Vienna, Irving studied more German, wrote Shyla and began a novel about third-rate cowboys who stage a ridiculous rodeo in New England. The young writer had little experience in that arena; he was once dragged around by a steer for more than five minutes before he was finally able to bring the animal down. But the novel got away from him and eventually he abandoned it.

Europe offered Irving a large slice of the bohemian life. He explored by car and motorcycle, met painters and poets, worked out in gyms with burly grapplers who grunted in Slavic. He also met a man with an old trained bear, an animal that would prowl his future books.

An Irving bear is a pathetic creature whose strength and dignity are ridiculed by its overriding need to perform. Explains the author: "They have become good at learning tricks to amuse people, but they have been reduced to a shadow show, like so many people who have been taught the most arduous skills that most of us find silly—like writing, reading and even wrestling."

The central caper of *Setting Free the Bears*, Irving's picaresque first novel, is a plot to release all the animals from the Vienna Zoo. The book was written and rewritten between 1965 and 1967 at the University of Iowa's Writers' Workshop. The impassioned, charging prose announced the arrival of a fresh talent:

" 'You're free to go!' I screamed. 'Why don't you? Don't ask for too much!' And responding to my voice was what sounded like the utter demolishment of the *Biergarten*. I pelted down there, through a crunchy dust of littered ashtrays. This was a primate sort of destruction, for sure; a vandalism of a shocking, human type. They had shattered the one-time funhouse mirror; chunks of it lay all over the *Biergarten* terrace. I kept looking down at my puzzlework reflection, looming over myself.

" 'Just one more and that does me,' I said. And moved to the reeking cage of the Rare Spectacled Bears, who were hiding behind their drinking-and-dunking pool when I opened their cage. I had to

Irving readies for his next adventure aboard motorcycle during student days in Vienna

Careering through the city of waltzes, Wittgenstein and a man with an old trained bear.

shout at them to make them come out. They came shoulder to shoulder across the floor, heads lowered like whipped dogs. They turned circles through the destroyed *Biergarten*, running too close together and butting themselves into umbrellas and hissing monkeys.

"This is enough, I thought. Enough, for sure. And I was winding through the other, roaring bear cages when Gallen screamed. Schrutt's out! I thought. But when I squinted through cage corners and down the dark paths toward the Small Mammal House, I saw a man-shaped figure, loping more or less on all fours, turn the corner by the Monkey Complex—followed by another just like him, though not as thick in the chest. The orang-utan and the lowland gorilla, in cahoots."

One of the first to read, and like, the manuscript was an older struggling writer who was teaching there: Kurt Vonnegut. "A dear, dear man," says Irving of his longtime friend, "enormously decent, generous and wise." By this time John was married to Shyla, had a son and was just about making ends meet by bartending in Iowa City and selling peanuts and banners at college football games. In *The Water-Method Man*, a wily spoof of academe, he offered a forlorn description of the job: "I lug a large plywood board from gate to gate around the stadium. The board is wide and tippy with an easel-type stand; the wind blows it down; tiny gold footballs are scratched, buttons chip, pennants wrinkle and smudge. I get a commission: 10% of what I sell." In the fall of 1967 the family moved to Putney, where the young father took a post teaching English at Windham College, which is now defunct.

We must have energy
—Garp

Distraction—a job, a family—is the writer's great enemy. Talent is not enough. One must have the discipline and strength of a trained bear. Says Irving: "The way you define yourself as a writer is that you write every time you have a free minute. If you didn't behave that way you would never do anything."

The author's definition of a free minute covers a lot of ground. Friends note that if Irving grows abstracted in company, the chances are he is mulling a plot twist or a change in his phrasing. He is compulsive about making revisions. "I never feel something is finished, even on the galleys," he says. "By then it may be just little things, a tense, a semicolon. I make changes in the finished book. No one else will see them, but I know they are there." To Irving, the ear can be as important as the eye. Many of the alterations that are penciled into his books are put there after the public readings that he frequently gives at colleges and seminars. The first to hear a new work is usually his family.

This is the way much of *The Water-Method Man* (1972) and *The 158-Pound Marriage* (1974) were composed. The latter is a bleak tale about the complications of spouse swapping. Between teaching at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Mass., and stints at the Writers' Workshop in Iowa, Irving typed away in a small shed, the same one that overlooks the pool. There was no pool then, and the future did not seem to promise one. He now works mainly in a study above the kitchen. Weather permitting, one of his three typewriters can be found set up out of doors.

Though reviewers were usually impressed with Irving's originality and verve, the most important critic was not. Random House, his publisher, was unimpressed by his sales figures. The first chapters of the author's next novel met a cool response from some house editors. There followed a familiar story: author complains that his books are not handled or promoted properly; publisher is sympathetic and hints that the writer might be happier at another house.

Irving took his unfinished manuscript to Henry Robbins at Dutton. Robbins, who died of a heart attack two years ago, was one of the outstanding fiction editors of his generation. The editor of Joan Didion, Wilfrid Sheed and Stanley Elkin, he responded ecstatically to the new work. Wrote Robbins in a report to his bosses: "A major novel about a wonderfully eccentric mother and son, very funny and very moving at the same time. Sure to be the 'breakthrough' book by an immensely talented novelist in his mid-30s." His faith in Irving was backed by a $20,000 advance—plus $150,000 on a next book, sight unseen.

For the first time the writer returned home to work without having to worry about money. In the spring Robbins received the following postcard: "Putney, 25 May 1977: hot weather, swimming weather, deer fly weather. Finished *Lunacy and Sorrow* this a.m. ... Novel is 531 pages long, has all the ingredients of an X-rated soap opera; I hope it will cause a few smiles among the tough-minded and break a few softer hearts."

The book, its title changed to *The World According to Garp*, did all that. In addition it managed to churn a few stomachs and raise some blood pressures. Not everyone who read *Garp* responded to the novel's fun and games. Many readers were offended by Irving's mating of the truly tragic and grotesquely comic, by the car crash that kills little Walt and removes Michael Milton's penis, by Roberta Muldoon, the transsexual football player, and the Ellen Jamesians, the radical feminist group whose members cut out their tongues to protest rape. Among those with reservations was the author's mother. Says Frances Irving: "There are parts of *Garp* that are too explicit for me." Literary heroes like T.S. Garp and John Berry of *Hotel New Hampshire* challenge social dogmas and traditional sexual roles. Although they sleep with women and could flatten most opponents, Garp and Berry are mother-men. They nurture and protect an extended family of offspring with the tenacity of a she-bear

THOMAS VICTOR

Irving, holding Brendan, poses with Colin and Wife Shyla

Purposeful and watchful in a world where the dog bites.

Garp/Berry/Irving's philosophy is basic stuff: one must live willfully, purposefully and watchfully. Accidents, bad luck, undertoads and open windows lurk everywhere—and the dog really bites. It is only a matter of time. Nobody gets out alive, yet few want to leave early. Irving's popularity is not hard to understand. His world is really the world according to nearly everyone

It is only the vividness of memory that keeps the dead alive forever. A writer's job is to imagine everything so personally that the fiction is as vivid as our personal memories.
—Garp

Fall will soon come to New England. Tourists will arrive to witness the splendid death of leaves. The first fires will turn back the night chill, and woodpiles will begin their slow decline toward spring. Upstairs, in his study over the kitchen, John Irving will be wrestling Turgenev's ghost. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Where Have All the Insults Gone?

Trentino: I did not come here to be insulted.
Firefly: That's what you think.
—Duck Soup

In an age when the uptight are continually exhorted to let it all hang out and be in touch with their feelings, it is curious that no one calls anyone else a Byzantine logothete any more. That is what Teddy Roosevelt called Woodrow Wilson; and, while a Byzantine logothete is not the worst thing you can say about someone—it means a glorified accountant—it does suggest a certain largesse of contempt that is missing from modern life. A government official is fired from a high post and he cites "personal differences" with his superior. An actress is savaged in a gossip column, and she "resents" it. Mighty civilized behavior. To be sure, these people do not mean a tepid word they say. Deep in their smoking hearts what they yearn to shout is that the former boss and the gossip columnist are the putrescence of the earth, that they have the grace of herring, the brains of rock stars, that their faces would sink a fleet. They do not say so, of course. Instead, their minds flee their true feelings like panicked belles, skittering over perfectly decent invectives, settling finally on the gray ruins of politeness.

It is not that insults have disappeared entirely from modern discourse, but they have been reduced to the most elementary forms of abuse, and to the least poetic occasions. Once in a while one feels the sweet spray of curses in a traffic jam or at a ball game, for example, and is momentarily uplifted, but it is mere rudeness, and rudimentary. Fortunately, we still have the old movies to turn to:

Peter Lorre: You despise me, don't you?
Humphrey Bogart: Well, if I gave you any thought, I probably would.

Otherwise all is indirection—the professor who refers to his "learned colleague" (meaning "fool") or the Congressman who defers to "the distinguished gentleman from New Jersey" (meaning "crooked fool"). There simply are no great insults any more: what was an art has become a shambles.

The odd thing is that it was not so long ago that the art of the insult was in its heyday. Winston Churchill was a virtuoso at it, calling Clement Attlee "a sheep in sheep's clothing" when he was not calling him "a modest little man with much to be modest about." Then there was this famous exchange:

Lady Astor: Winston, if you were my husband I should flavor your coffee with poison.
Churchill: Madam, if I were your husband I should drink it.

That was a good deal kinder than the night Bessie Braddock M.P. berated Churchill for being drunk. Churchill replied that in the morning he would be sober, but she would still be ugly.

The English have always been especially adept at this sort of verbal violence, perhaps because they are an island people and have learned to hold familiarity in contempt. Disraeli on Gladstone, for example: "He has not a single redeeming defect." Gladstone, in fact, brought out the best in his antagonist. When Disraeli was asked to distinguish a misfortune from a calamity, he was inspired: "If Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune, and if anyone pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity." Some English insults are sharp. Nye Bevan on Anthony Eden: "The juvenile lead." Some are odd. Charles Kingsley called Shelley "a lewd vegetarian." It sounds interesting but is difficult to picture. The top of the line was created by John Wilkes for the Earl of Sandwich:

The Earl: Egad, sir, I do not know whether you will die on the gallows or of the pox.
Wilkes: That will depend, my Lord, on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress.

Americans, too, were once fairly agile at the art, though they tended to use a club more than a quill. There was William Allen White's little note on Mencken, for example:

"With a pig's eyes that never look up, with a pig's snout that loves muck, with a pig's brain that knows only the sty, and a pig's squeal that cries only when he is hurt, he sometimes opens his pig's mouth, tusked and ugly, and lets out the voice of God, railing at the whitewash that covers the manure about his habitat."

Complicated, but charming nonetheless. And there have also been flashes of true American wit over the years, with Congressman John Randolph of Virginia comparing an adversary to "rotten mackerel by moonlight; he shines and stinks," or dealing with his public:

Stranger: I have had the pleasure of passing your house recently.
Randolph: I am glad of it. I hope you will always do it, sir.

An equally hapless citizen was once told by Oliver Wendell Holmes: "You may have genius. The contrary is, of course, probable." Until recently American newspapers were delightfully unrestrained when it came to abuse; a New England journal greeting Jefferson's election, for instance, with particular enthusiasm: "Murder, robbery, rape, adultery and incest will be openly taught and practised." One reads such things nowadays—collected at last in Nancy McPhee's *Book of Insults*—and imagines a whole world packed with high-strung terriers, poised to yip at the slightest noise.

The trouble is that these insulters leave no heirs. The best we have—William F. Buckley Jr., Gore Vidal, Truman Capote—show a flair from time to time, but perhaps because cleverness is so desperately expected of them, often sound as if their hearts are not in it, as if they are merely paying tribute to the old masters. Capote once called Jacqueline Susann "a truck driver in drag." Have we come to this? During Water-

Illustration for TIME by Michael C. Witte

gate. H.R. Haldeman's lawyer, John J. Wilson, referred to Senator Daniel K. Inouye as "that little Jap." He then defended himself by saying that he "wouldn't mind being called a little American," thus replacing an insult to the Japanese with one to the intelligence.

Why has this slackening occurred? For several reasons, all of which pertain to the general corruption of life as well as to that of the insult. There is psychiatry, for one thing. Mothers can no longer be joked about; victims agree with the worst that is said about them. There is provincialism, for another. Oscar Wilde explained: "Of course, America had often been discovered before Columbus, but it had always been hushed up." You could not get away with that today, even if you thought of it, because nations are as touchy as individuals. Then, too, no one wields real criticism any more. In 1905 Shaw's play *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was hailed by the New York *Sun* as "a dramatized stench"; now it would be "fun for the entire family." There is not much inventiveness of language these days either, no Menckenish words like "pecksniffian," no Rabelais around to rail against "slubberdegullion druggles, ninny lobcocks, or scurvy sneaksbies." Our social conscience interferes as well—the feeling that life offers enough abuse without adding insults to injuries. In short, we are simply too reverent, too reverent about the wrong things. In the past no one was safe. Macaulay said of Socrates: "The more I read him, the less I wonder that they poisoned him."

Of course, the main reason for the death of the insult is the death of confrontation in general. Time was when enemies would wholeheartedly enjoy squaring off, ram to ram. Not today, not in the world of cold war conversation, where it is judged safer and saner to say nothing and assume the worst than to say the worst and get on with it. Now the insult retreats behind a tinny smile and emerges lame from the mouths of wimps at cocktail parties, grasping soda water in both hands and leveling a whine: "I really don't think much of his work." No confrontations there. Face to face with their adversaries they assault them with flattery. Perhaps it's best. Maybe we could no longer endure a life made up of chaotic barkings and overwhelming wit.

Yet there is so much to be said for letting the fur fly, for openly acknowledging your enemy and allowing him to have at you with the full force of his puny, flaccid mind. It is even more pleasurable to give than receive, to hone one's words until they gleam, and watch them fly in lovely arcs toward one's fellow creatures. How happy Sir Edward Coke must have been when he told Sir Walter Raleigh: "There never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou." How empty Whistler must have felt at the end of his life when he lamented that he had "hardly a warm personal enemy left." Naturally, such violence is not for everyone. It takes a person of extremely bad temper, a truly unredeemable sourpuss, to feel comfortable with insults, to take deep pleasure in things like Mark Twain's observation that Wagner's music is better than it sounds, for example, or in Ben Franklin's letter to a new-found adversary:

> You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy,
> and I am
>
> Yours.

Roger Rosenblatt

Milestones

MARRIED. Richard Pryor, 40, actor-comedian *(Bustin' Loose, Stir Crazy)*, who only 15 months ago nearly perished in a fire; and **Jennifer Lee,** 29, songwriter and actress *(The Sunshine Boys)*; he for the sixth time, she for the first; in Maui, Hawaii.

MARRIED. Alan Jay Lerner, 63, author of book and lyrics for *Brigadoon, Camelot* and *My Fair Lady*; and British Actress **Liz Robertson,** 26; she for the first time, he for the eighth; in Billingshurst, England. Lerner, who earlier this month was divorced from College Administrator Nina Bushkin, met Robertson two years ago, when she was chosen to play Eliza Doolittle in a London revival of *My Fair Lady*.

DIED. Ervil LeBaron, 56, fanatical leader of the polygamous San Diego–based sect, the Church of the Lamb of God, who was believed responsible for the deaths of at least 13 people between 1972 and 1977; of as yet undetermined causes; in a state prison in Draper, Utah. LeBaron, who served twelve months in a Mexican jail in connection with the 1972 slaying of his brother Joel, was sentenced last year to life imprisonment for ordering the murder of the head of a rival polygamous sect in Utah. LeBaron was also convicted last year of plotting to kill another brother, Verlan, who died last week on the same day as Ervil in an auto accident in Mexico City.

DIED. Arthur Keylor, 61, former vice president in charge of Time Inc.'s magazine group; of a heart attack; in Manchester, Vt. An associate publisher of LIFE and publisher of FORTUNE, Keylor took over the magazine group in 1972 and oversaw a tripling of magazine revenues to $1 billion. He presided over FORTUNE's switch from a monthly to a biweekly, the rebirth of LIFE as a monthly in 1978 and the launchings of PEOPLE (1974) and DISCOVER (1980).

DIED. Robert Herridge, 67, writer and producer of literate, well-crafted television programs for *Studio One, Camera Three* and *The Robert Herridge Theatre*, whom *Variety* dubbed "the literary conscience of the medium"; of a heart attack; in Woodstock, N.Y.

DIED. Humphrey Waldock, 77, British president of the United Nations International Court of Justice; of a heart attack; in The Hague. A former Oxford professor and president of the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg, the Ceylon-born Waldock presided over the U.N. court's May 1980 decision calling for the release of the U.S. hostages from Iran.

DIED. Samuel Meek, 85, who as overseas manager of the J. Walter Thompson Co. helped build it into the world's largest advertising agency; in Greenwich, Conn. A former managing editor of the Yale *Daily News*, Meek was instrumental in helping two of his ex-staffers, Henry Luce and Briton Hadden, to obtain the financing to launch TIME magazine in 1923. Meek, who served on the Time Inc. board of directors for 48 years, joined Thompson in 1925 and expanded its fledgling international operations to 35 offices on six continents before retiring as vice chairman in 1964.

DIED. Robert Russell Bennett, 87, composer and conductor best known for his orchestrations of some 300 Broadway musicals, including *Show Boat, Oklahoma!, South Pacific* and *The Sound of Music*, as well as for his scores for movies *(The Hunchback of Notre Dame)* and TV series *(Victory at Sea)*; in New York City. Astonishingly speedy and fluent, Bennett could orchestrate a musical number from memory after seeing it rehearsed only two or three times. "The orchestrator's value is in his sensitiveness to melody," he once said. "If the melody has nothing to say, he is powerless."

DIED. Anita Loos, 88, pert, witty screenwriter, playwright and novelist who became an international celebrity after the publication of her 1925 spoof of sex and materialism, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; in New York City. A former child actress, Loos sold her first film scenario to D.W. Griffith in 1912, thus beginning a four-decade Hollywood career that ranged from devising captions for silent films (a form she invented) to creating sparkling dialogue for such movies as *San Francisco* (1936) and *The Women* (1939). A diminutive (4 ft. 11 in.), tirelessly convivial figure who considered boredom "a more acute pain than a galloping toothache," she later turned her hand to Broadway plays *(The Whole Town's Talking)*, novels *(A Mouse Is Born)* and memoirs of Hollywood *(A Girl Like I)*. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, which formed the basis of two movies and two theatrical productions—notably the 1949 musical starring Carol Channing—was written as a lark during a transcontinental train ride with H.L. Mencken. Said Loos: "My only purpose was to make Henry Mencken laugh, which it did."

Baseball's Sputtering Restart

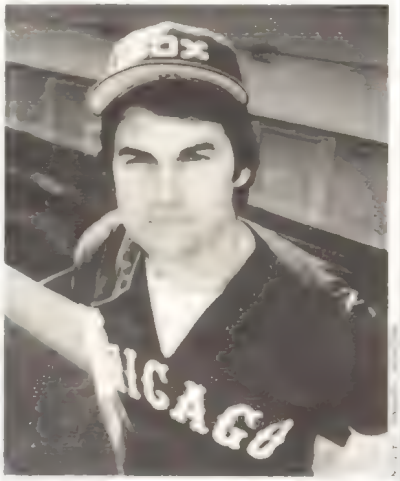
Facing a short season and a screwy format, fans stay home

Chicago Cubs Pitcher Mike Krukow looked in for the sign, planted his foot on the rubber, gripped the ball and got set to throw. But there was a slight hitch as he began his stretch. The third-base umpire immediately waved home the New York Met base runner standing on third. Thus was scored the first run in the second half of the strike-broken 1981 baseball season. The national pastime returned, not with a bang but a balk.

In the two weeks since Krukow's leadoff gaffe, the rest of baseball has gone blundering in his footsteps, devising a "second season" of artificial pennant races that promised to reward bad teams and penalize good ones, and prompted some players and managers to threaten openly that they would throw games if they would benefit by doing so under the screwy new rules. Under a lame-brain plan devised by league officials, the four teams leading their divisions when the strike started June 12 (the New York Yankees, Oakland A's, Philadelphia Phillies and Los Angeles Dodgers) were declared "first season" pennant winners. All were given berths in special best-of-five-game playoffs against the winners of the "second season" races in their divisions. The victors would then advance to the regular league-championship playoffs. Finally, an American and a National League pennant winner would be declared, and that almost forgotten fixture of autumn, the World Series, would begin in the bracing night air of late October.

Clubhouse sharpies quickly spotted a serious flaw. Since the standings of the prestrike season were, effectively, wiped clean, all 26 major league clubs resumed play on an equal footing. The New York Mets, 17 and 34 before the strike, spent a few heady days in first place after the season resumed, and found their new lease on life appealing. But the Cincinnati Reds, just one half-game behind the Los Angeles Dodgers in the National League West when the walkout started, suddenly found themselves running neck and neck with the San Diego Padres, who were 12½ games back and fading last June.

The crime would be compounded under this format if the same club won both halves of the pennant. It would still have to win a best-of-five playoff with the team sporting the second best record over the full season. And by using overall records to determine the other playoff team, baseball left itself open to all sorts of shenanigans. Say the A's and Kansas City Royals are fighting for first place in September, with the Chicago White Sox close on their heels. If the White Sox contrived to lose their final series against Oakland, the A's would have a better chance of winning both halves of the season. And if they did, the second playoff spot might go to Chicago, since it was 31-22 before the strike, while Kansas City started off with a dismal 20-30 showing. White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa and his starting players admitted that they were not above chicanery if it meant derailing the Royals. Said off-season Attorney LaRussa: "If it got to that peculiar circumstance where if you won a ball game, you lost a spot in the playoffs, then I would refuse to take the field and accept a forfeit."



White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa

Threatening forfeits to make the playoffs

With the threat of another Black Sox scandal looming, Commissioner Kuhn broke his strikelong silence to assure fans that he would "preserve the integrity of the game." The playoff plan was altered so that if a club won both halves, the second playoff spot would go to the team with the second best record during the second season. Thus each team would have to win games, not lose them, against every opponent. Cincinnati Reds President Dick Wagner called the solution a "whitewash," an understandable complaint since Kuhn had effectively nullified 35 Reds' victories in the first half. Equally outraged were the Baltimore Orioles, who conceivably could finish with the best overall record in all of baseball and still miss the playoffs. Orioles' Owner Edward Bennett Williams, an outspoken critic of the way Kuhn and Owners' Representative Ray Grebey handled the strike negotiations, despaired over the playoffs debacle: "They would screw up a two-car funeral."

Indeed, at times this year baseball has seemed bent on presiding over its own funeral. More than 50 game dates were lost because of the strike, and fan interest has clearly waned. Attendance for both leagues was down more than 2,000 a game, an 11% decrease from prestrike levels. When compared with the same dates last season, the figures were gloomier still: average attendance dropped 25%.

Even welcome-back-baseball gimmicks didn't help. In Cleveland, 72,086 attended the All-Star game the night before the season resumed; on the first day of regular play, 4,773 showed up. Padres Owner Ray Kroc made admission free on reopening day, and 52,608 San Diegans thronged to the stadium. The next day, only 5,360 were willing to pay to watch the Padres play. The season had become a bit of a farce and the fans knew it. When the Atlanta Braves began a home stand in an unaccustomed position —first place—only 7,556 fans came out to the park. The headline the next day could be extended to all of baseball: BRAVES GOT CROWD THEY DESERVED. —*By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Dean Brelis and Jamie Murphy/New York*

Braves' Glenn Hubbard does a split over Mets' Frank Taveras

1981 U.S. Gov't Report:

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS, TENN.

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seriousness

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is to help you
to become sincere
but not serious.

Seriousness is
a kind of disease:
playfulness should be
the foundation
of a true religion.
So I teach be playful:
the more playful you are
the closer you are
to existence,
the more serious you are
the more egoist
you become,
and the more
serious you are
the more closed.
Then you are not
open to the wind,
to the sun, to the rain;
you are not
open to anything.
You are no more vulnerable.
One has to be vulnerable,
keep all the windows open,
allow existence
to penetrate you
and don't take things
seriously.

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Flying Feet

Coe and Nehemiah set records

The less than friendly rivalry between Great Britain's marvelous distance runners Sebastian Coe, 24, and Steve Ovett, 25, has become the track world's version of playing chess by mail. Each year, the two set out on separate paths through the summer track circuit, studiously avoiding head-to-head encounters while carefully selecting races where they have the best chance of breaking each other's world records. In 1979 Coe burst from obscurity by snapping the record in the mile, with a 3-min. 49.0-sec. performance in Oslo (only twelve days after setting a world mark of 1 min. 42.3 sec. in the 800 meters). Just before the Olympics last year, Ovett went to Oslo and marked Coe's record "return to sender" with a time of 3 min. 48.8 sec. They finally met on the same track at the 1980 Moscow Olympics. In the 800-meter run, Ovett finished first and Coe second; Coe took the 1,500 meters, and Ovett came in third.

Coe crosses finish; Nehemiah is triumphant

New marks in the mile and high hurdles

When the 1981 track season rolled around, it quickly became clear that this was Coe's year to write home. In June he broke his own world record in the 800 meters at a meet in Florence by $^{9}/_{100}$ sec. Last week in Zurich, he broke Ovett's mile record, crossing the finish line in 3 min. 48.53 sec., $^{27}/_{100}$ sec. off the old mark.

Coe had hoped to make his latest victory a chain letter by breaking Ovett's 1,500-meter record as well. But a slow early pace kept him nearly 2 sec. slower than Ovett at the 1,500-meter mark (120 yds. short of a mile). Coe shifted into overdrive. With a capacity crowd of 23,000 at Zurich's Letzigrund Stadium stamping in rhythm with his every step, he was able to make up lost seconds in the final 100 yds. to finish the mile in record time. He had worked during the winter on his already powerful closing kick, and it had paid off. But Coe rued the record that got away at 1,500 meters. Said he: "If I didn't have a race in Brussels next week, I would go out and get drunk tonight. But I suppose I really only deserve half a bottle of champagne."

It may be too soon for even a split of bubbly, however. Ovett, back in form after a leg injury, was contemplating races in West Germany this week in hopes of regaining his record. With Coe and Ovett, the postman always seems to ring twice.

Coe shared the limelight in Zurich with American Renaldo Nehemiah, 22, who became the first man in history to run the 110-meter high hurdles in less than 13 sec. His 12.93 performance came after two frustrating years of injuries, a change of coaches and acrimony over his decision to drop out of the University of Maryland. Said Nehemiah: "This means the world to me after having a couple of disappointing years when I doubted my ability and honestly wondered if I was washed up. Now there's no question as to how good I can be." ■

Football Booty

Big-time schools cut a TV deal

College football's biggest powers—gristle mills such as Notre Dame, Alabama, Penn State and Texas—have long resented the fact that the National Collegiate Athletic Association does not permit them to negotiate their own big-bucks television deals. Instead the N.C.A.A. arranges TV packages itself. Now 61 of the superpowers are poised to change that. By a narrow margin, the College Football Association, which includes all the big-time football schools except those in the Pacific-10 and Big Ten, tentatively approved a four-year, $180 million television contract with NBC beginning with the 1982 season. The agreement could result in cancellation of the N.C.A.A.'s $263.5 million contracts for '82 with ABC and CBS.

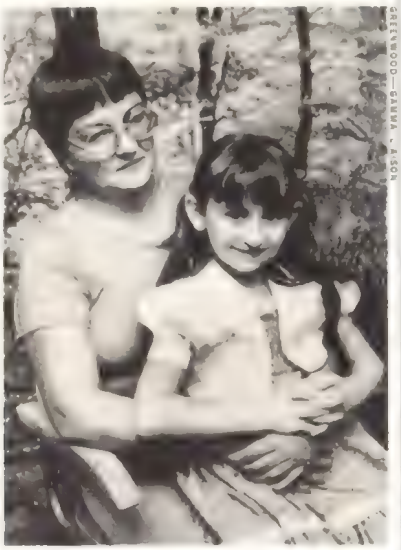
Under the C.F.A. contract, the football powers would no longer have to share TV money with the N.C.A.A.'s 700 member colleges and universities. The Southeastern Conference, for example, would receive $7 million a year under the C.F.A. plan, *vs.* $3.5 million under the N.C.A.A. agreement. But the risks are high. If the N.C.A.A. decides to impose sanctions, C.F.A. teams in other sports could be barred from national competitions. The schools have three weeks to reconsider their C.F.A. votes before the decision becomes final. Says University of Georgia President Fred Davison: "I don't intend to confront the N.C.A.A. But I can't escape the fiscal responsibility." ■

Medicine

Mother's Quest

Looking into a child's death

One June morning three years ago, Rebecca Vadala, 12½, woke up complaining of severe headache. Her mother was not too concerned; Becky had had headaches six months before, and the neurologist had assured her that headaches are not uncommon during puberty. But by evening the child was having convulsions and had lost consciousness temporarily. She was rushed to nearby Baptist Hospital of Miami, where a neurologist performed a lumbar puncture, inserting a needle between vertebrae in the lower back to get a sample of cerebrospinal fluid. Within an hour Becky went into cardiac and respiratory arrest. She was put on a life-support system, but soon after was declared dead.



Betty Vadala today, with Daughter Debra

Building a case of malpractice.

Her mother Betty, now 39, was grief-stricken. "I asked, 'What happened?' The doctors said, 'We don't know. Things like this happen.' " The answer did not satisfy Vadala: "That child meant too much for me to just bury her and forget about her."

Determined to find an explanation for her daughter's death, Vadala, who had dropped out of school after the seventh grade and had only recently passed a high school equivalency test, began reading medical texts, looking for clues. Then, thinking she could learn even more by working at a hospital, she began a one-year course to become a licensed practical nurse. The program offered on-the-job training at Baptist Hospital; when she graduated she joined the staff. In her free time, she inquired about procedures and the doctors who had cared for Becky.

Her medical reading had led her to believe that they had not been thorough in her daughter's case. From a nursing manual, she learned that when there is evidence of severe pressure inside the skull, a lumbar puncture is usually performed only as a last-ditch diagnostic test because it can result in a portion of the brain's being pushed down into the spine, possibly causing death. According to the manual, a brain scan should be performed first.

Vadala turned the information she had collected over to attorneys, who filed a malpractice suit against Neurologists Wayne Tobin and Michael Aptman. The suit contended that Becky had shown signs of a pressure buildup and a scan was ordered only after she arrested.

Just before the case was to go to trial, an out-of-court settlement of $350,000 to the Vadalas was agreed upon. Such settlements are common in medical cases, and willingness to make them does not constitute an admission of guilt or negligence. Declares Dr. Tobin: "I did what I considered the right thing. I feel no malpractice was done." But Vadala is convinced otherwise and, at last, satisfied. She has quit her job at Baptist and is moving from Miami to central Florida. But she intends to go on working as a practical nurse. ■

A Son's Rite

Circumcision is unnecessary

It is probably the most common operation in the U.S. today, performed about 1.5 million times a year. Yet doctors increasingly acknowledge that it is extremely short on medical justification.

Circumcision has a long history. Ancient Egyptians may have been the first practitioners, possibly using it to mark slaves. Jews adopted it as a religious rite in observance of the covenant between God and Abraham. For many Jews today, circumcision of an infant boy is a joyous family celebration. In the U.S. the operation found favor in the late 1800s as a deterrent to masturbation, then popularly considered the source of much physical and mental illness. During World War II, military surgeons concluded that circumcision was necessary for hygiene, particularly in the tropics, and snipped the foreskins of uncircumcised soldiers and sailors. After the war, circumcising infant boys became routine, and not only for hygienic reasons. Circumcised males were said to be less susceptible to penile cancer and their sexual partners less likely to get cancer of the cervix.

These justifications have gradually been debunked. Cleanliness can be assured by teaching a boy to wash his penis. Cancer of the penis, a very rare malignancy, occurs about equally in circumcised men and in those with foreskins intact who wash thoroughly. Studies indicating that women married to circumcised men have a lower incidence of cervical cancer have been either inadequate or flawed. Review of one study, for example, revealed that about half the women had incorrectly answered questions regarding whether their husbands were circumcised. A sizable portion of the men were also wrong in assessing their condition. Circumcision will correct two conditions that occur in a fraction of uncircumcised children: phimosis, a narrowing of the foreskin hampering erection and urination; and paraphimosis, retraction of the foreskin resulting in a cutoff of blood to the end of the penis.

The operation is done without anaesthetic, usually within the first two weeks of life, and is painful. Doctors also point out that there is some risk of infection and hemorrhage. One reason for the damage is that the operations are often performed by doctors who are not adept in the procedure. The American Academy of Pediatrics concluded in 1971 and again in 1975: "There is no absolute medical indication for routine circumcision of the newborn."

Rabbi performing the delicate operation

Obeying the law of Jehovah.

Still, the practice persists. Last year about 80% of newborn males in the U.S. were circumcised. Some parents think the law or hospital requires the operation. Many choose circumcision so that the baby will look like Daddy or siblings. Clearly, doctors have not done too vigorous a job of informing parents of their option. Says one critic: "Who's going to pass up 75 bucks for three minutes' work?"

Consumer groups are now taking up the slack. The Massachusetts Women's Council on Obstetrical Practices attempts to sway parents with a novel approach. It shows pictures of a circumcision in progress while playing a record of the baby's screams. ■

When Europe Began in Naples

A show of treasures from an 18th century Bourbon kingdom

"The Golden Age of Naples," a delightful exhibition of some 200 paintings, sculptures, drawings and miscellaneous objects from writing boxes to porcelain crucifixes, went on view this month at the Detroit Institute of Arts. It is a reduction of a much bigger show organized in Naples last year; but even in its abridged form it is very rewarding

From 1734 to 1805, Naples and its provinces were ruled by a series of princelings, whose watery blue eyes and pendulous underlips festoon every wall in this show: the Bourbons, offshoots of the reigning French and Spanish royal families. They controlled a great capital: with 400,000 people, Naples was the largest city in Italy and, after London and Paris, the third largest in Europe. Its need for conspicuous display and luxury kept architects and builders in constant work. A few of them, like the artists Corrado Giaquinto (1703-66) and Francesco Solimena (1657-1747), or the architect Ferdinando Sanfelice (1675-1748), were touched with extraordinary talent. Most of the rest could deploy the kind of rhetorical eloquence and high technical polish that court art demands. Then there was a continuous infusion of foreign artists, German, French and English

If the "Golden Age of Naples" was not solid all the way through, at least it was elaborately gilded. Any Florentine or Milanese will tell you today that Asia begins south of Rome. In the 18th century it was otherwise: Europe began in Naples.

Today Naples is a tourist's hell, but travelers in the 18th century, who were tougher and fewer than their modern counterparts, took a different view of it. The city seemed to fulfill the promise of the Grand Tour—to have the ancients as one's tutors, and the lower classes as one's brothel. Naples was poor in mementos of the Renaissance, but it offered something even rarer: no mere glimpse of classical antiquity, but a panoramic view of it

Solimena's *Self-Portrait*, 1729-30: a *maestro assoluto*

The remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum were being excavated, in a clumsy treasure-hunting way, from the volcanic ash that had shrouded and preserved them since the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. Elsewhere in Italy, the ruins of Roman public life could easily be seen—temples, stadia, places of assembly. But the archaeology of Naples gave the visitor a sense of how the ancients lived when at home—when they came off their plinths, shed their *cuirasses héroïques* and settled down with their wine cups and mild painted pornography, no longer behaving like noble Romans. Naples rapidly became the center of a mania for the antique, and neoclassicism was a direct result; archaeology exerted a pressure on contemporary art that exceeded even the discoveries of the Renaissance

Figures as various as Goethe and the Marquis de Sade made the trip there; but there were other reasons than antiquity for going. "Now that I have become domesticated here I regard life but as a dream," wrote a young Scot, Craufurd Tait Ramage, in 1826. "I can no longer be surprised that pleasure should be the chief good and principal pursuit of the Italians—everything invites them to it—their outward senses are solicitated in a thousand ways to feast on the gifts of Nature." The city, lapped by its blue bay, seemed a cornucopia of pleasure (offset by attacks of the flux and the pox). Its dreamlike character, as a parenthesis in the real, or Northern world, was only heightened by the *frisson* of risk offered by Vesuvius, whose cone threatened to turn Naples in a literal way into the Sodom of the South

To Stendhal, all Italian cities were provincial towns; only Naples had the makings of a capital. He was right, although Bourbon Naples produced nothing; it had a purely entrepreneurial life, as a trading port and administrative mess. Power filtered down through a tangled, grafting bureaucracy, and the life of the outlying countryside was sapped by taxes and absentee landlords. The "picturesque" poor were mostly dispossessed peasants, helplessly drawn into the city's gravitational field. The Bourbon attitude to them was symbolized by the *cuccagna*, a mountain of sweetmeats, hams and other goodies that was piled up in front of the royal palace. At a given signal, the poor would attack it, killing one another for a sausage while their rulers watched

But rulers sometimes get better artists

Mengs' *King Ferdinand, at the Age of Nine*

***English Garden of the Palazzo Reale, Caserta*, 1792, by Jacob Philipp Hackert: life as a dream**

than they deserve, and so it was with the Bourbons. The dominant figure in the first half of the 18th century in Naples was Francesco Solimena, whose style—the highest of high Baroque, all energetically molded drapery, flickering runs of light and exalted faces—possessed a declamatory power that extended to his smaller works as well: his *Self-Portrait*, done in his 70s, is as confident an essay in self-admiration, the artist as *maestro assoluto*, as Italian painting of the period can offer. Solimena's near contemporary Giaquinto is represented by three of the four altarpieces he did for the sacristy of San Luigi di Palazzo in Naples—stately, marmoreal images full of gravity, but given a curiously ghostlike quality by their pallid color and slow transitions of light.

For official portraiture, there were visiting maestros like the German painter Anton Raphael Mengs—a model of insipid correctness in most of his work, but capable of moments when real insight showed through the polish, as in his striking portrait of the nine-year-old Ferdinand IV. The child-king stands among the appurtenances of an adult world, the armchair and columns and marble slabs, like some shrunken male Alice in Wonderland. And yet by delicate adjustments of scale and proportion, Mengs succeeded in giving the impression that this toy adult was not overwhelmed by their size; that he was, in some actual sense, a king.

The "Neapolitan" spirit of the show appears, not in high religious painting or in official portraiture, but in the "minor" and decorative work: the bright frothing of shells and red coral up the side of a Capodimonte porcelain ewer, for instance, or the gross theatrical energy of the silver-gilt devotional statues. Perhaps the most striking of these is a bust of St. Irene protecting Naples from lightning. The city is held up by a cherub, and the saint holds out her right palm: a gilt thunderbolt is stuck in it. Wonderwoman does it again. The Neapolitans liked their religion brassy and extravagant, and they still do.

Gilded St. Irene: a brassy religiosity

Giaquinto's *Purification in the Temple*

The treat of the show, however, is a group of paintings by Gaspare Traversi. Very little is known about his life, not even the dates of his birth and death; he worked in Naples, however, between 1750 and 1775, and the cultural milieu of the city—overlapping, as it did, with low-life, and scratching for crumbs of patronage at the skirts of the nobility—gave him limitless opportunities for satire. Traversi's two paintings of education in the arts, one showing a girl at the harpsichord, the other a young woman learning to draw, are vinegary, weird and hilarious all at once. It is as though the talents of a Longhi had been conjoined with those of Hogarth, and the result applied to Naples and its seedy corps of connoisseurs and minor literati.

In each case the essential subject is the same—a woman surrounded by a crowd of men, who peer at her, offer advice, listen or look with varying degrees of veiled prurience, and otherwise impose on her. In *The Arts—Drawing*, 1760, the old man is rhapsodizing over her work as though she were a gifted parrot learning, at last, to repeat a phrase, while the supercilious drawing master points to the model she must copy. In the crammed, tilted space, the heads on their distorted bodies swell grotesquely, like pale masks. Every detail of costume is there—one could dress an opera from Traversi—but the whole has gone awry: we gaze into a cuckooland of cultural pretension. Small wonder that Traversi failed to get the big commissions; but his work stays in the mind long after the more decorative things in this show, the chalky allegories of the arts, the *fêtes champêtres* and royal hunting scenes, have blurred together in their amicable second rateness. —*By Robert Hughes*

MOMA's "Pope"

Alfred Barr Jr.: 1902-1981

When Alfred Hamilton Barr Jr. became the first director of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art in 1929, he was also its sole employee. The museum was little more than an idea in the minds of its founders. Barr, a Presbyterian minister's son from Detroit, was only 27, a fastidious but boldly original scholar who was teaching the nation's first college course (at Wellesley) on modern art. Although he was ridiculed for his conviction that the art of the day belonged in a museum, he assiduously acquired Picassos, Matisses and Monets until MOMA had the finest collection of 20th century art in the world. Within a decade his enterprise and curatorial skills had established him as one of modernism's most innovative and influential taste makers. It was a status that he retained after his retirement in 1967 and that seemed secure when he died on Aug. 15 at age 79.

Despite his shy demeanor, Barr's near dictatorial power led museum colleagues to call him "the Pope" and caused him to be described as "a man who could make enemies without moving a single muscle of his face." He used his position to campaign tirelessly against the hostility of laymen who condemned modern art after "ten seconds of casual, prejudiced study." The intellectual possibilities of art interested him as much as the aesthetic qualities. He is said to have once rejected a canvas by saying, "It's too pretty; I don't trust it." His insistence on creating departments at MOMA for architecture, film, photography, and commercial and industrial design transformed the traditional structure and function of a museum. He wanted, he said, to "show New York the best of modern architecture, posters, chairs and movies, and attack the complacency with which our successful designers contemplated their modernistic skyscrapers, pompous superfilms, banal billboards, and the cynical promotion of artificial obsolescence."

An inspired showman, Barr masterminded hundreds of exhibitions that rarely failed to create an uproar. The avant-garde sculpture he imported for a 1936 show so bewildered U.S. Customs officials that they refused to recognize it as art and tried to levy heavy duties. His decision to display such objects as an oval wheel and a fur-lined teacup irked the museum's trustees, and one show devoted entirely to an elaborate shoeshine stand crafted by little-known Primitive Artist Joe Milone nearly got him fired. But he also presented landmark shows on surrealism, Dada, Bauhaus architecture, machine design and artists from Edward Hopper to Claes Oldenburg. In the process, he enlarged the public's conception of what art is. MOMA, Barr once said, was built on the belief that the art of our time "should belong to us, not merely to the future." ■

Show Business

Wizards of Goo and Gadgetry

Makeup artists manufacture monsters, gore—and more

Question for moviegoers: Is it worse to be killed by a werewolf or merely to be bitten by one? Answer, as anyone will tell you who has seen the summer's newest horror film, *An American Werewolf in London:* avoid both. The American college student who is hacked to death by one of the beasts is thereafter seen wandering around in various states of stomach-churning decomposition. But his companion, who survives the attack, has it just as bad. Every time there is a full moon, he becomes a werewolf himself, his hands turning into claws and his teeth into fangs. All this seems to happen on-camera without a second's fadeout for the actor to jump into his wolf costume. At some screenings audiences burst into applause, as if they were watching a performance by a great actor.

In a way they were: makeup artists like *Werewolf's* Rick Baker are authentic stars of many new movies. In recent months Hollywood's new wizards of goo and gadgetry have shown their skills in such diverse films as *Raiders of the Lost Ark, The Elephant Man, Raging Bull, Altered States, The Incredible Shrinking Woman* and that howler, *The Howling*. "There have been half a dozen films in which makeup was vital," says Dick Smith, 59, who is dean of the trade. "The same certainly cannot be said for costuming, sound or design."

The obvious importance of the craft has led to a new demand, by Smith and others, for recognition at the Academy Awards, along with myriad other special categories. "The academy has never had a permanent Oscar for makeup artists," says Smith. "The fact that they didn't give an award last year—with so many obvious candidates to choose from—points out the inadequacy of the system." Fay Kanin, president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, promises that the academy will look at the complaints and make a decision, probably in the fall. It had better hurry, or this particular special interest group might just decide to turn Oscar into a voodoo doll.

Makeup artists have been around as long as Hollywood, of course. In the '30s and '40s, when makeup was heavy, they enjoyed great prestige on studio back lots, but in the '60s, when movie stars were suddenly supposed to look like real people, warts and all, the makeup man went into a decline. A revival—the beginning of the Golden Age of Makeup—began with *Planet of the Apes* (1968), and *The Exorcist* (1973) and scores of films featuring a graphic spilling of blood and guts. In Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, some 20 years ago, a knife was never seen touching the victim, played by Janet Leigh. "Now, they want it to cut right through," says Mike Westmore, who did Robert De Niro's makeup in *Raging Bull*. "Movies run in strings, and we are now in a blood-spurting era."

Westmore should know. For Jake La Motta's saga he used gallons of chocolate syrup, an ingredient that simulates blood in black-and-white films. Director Martin Scorsese told him that he wanted both to see and to hear De Niro's nose break, so Westmore constructed a kind of teetertotter proboscis for De Niro that popped when it was hit in the big fight scene. Seven tiny tubes were also attached to the star's face, and when the fake nose went bang, Westmore, who was on the other end of the tubes, began pumping out Hershey's Type O. (In color films the newest recipe for blood is Karo syrup, food dye Red No. 33 and food dye Yellow No. 5.)

Dummy of Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*

A graphic spilling of blood and guts

Francis Coppola also spilled a lot of blood in *The Godfather*, adding his bit of realism to the lore of gore. Until he came along, special effects men would fire wax pellets filled with cosmetic blood at actors who were to be shot. When they were "hit," they would yell "ouch!" or whatever else the scriptwriter demanded. Blood oozed out and the audience usually got the point. But the pellets left a blotch on the skin, which was not realistic in closeups. Ever the perfectionist, however, Coppola wanted not only blood but bullet holes. Smith covered the actor's real skin with a false latex skin, putting both blood

Professor screams in *Altered States;* monster in *American Werewolf in London;* Nazi melts in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*

and tiny explosive discs in the space between. On cue the discs were detonated by means of copper wires, creating an authentic-looking bullet hole through which blood would pour.

Smith, who made his reputation with Linda Blair's gruesome makeup in *The Exorcist*, solved another kind of problem in Ken Russell's *Altered States*. To simulate the surge of energy that transforms William Hurt from a questing professor into a primitive being, Smith attached seven overlapping air bladders, covered with a skinlike material, to the arm on which the camera was focused. Inflating the bags one after the other, he gave the impression of a flow of life-changing energy.

Rob Bottin, 22—a pupil of Baker, 30, who is in turn a disciple of Smith—used bladders for different effects in *The Howling*. Thousands of these little bags were glued to the actors' faces, which were then covered with masks of false skin. At the proper moment, the sacs were inflated, and the faces seemed to grow as big as beach balls—about the size, that is, of the average movie werewolf's face. Bottin also devised fanglike teeth for his werewolves, rubber incisors that stretched when the actors pressed little triggers with their tongues.

The most elaborate changes require a lifelike dummy, however. In *American Werewolf*, Baker made a dummy of Actor David Naughton, then put a new device called a shape shifter, operated by pistons or cables, inside it. When the full moon rose over the horizon—werewolf time—Baker turned on the shape shifter, stretching the skin and turning a perfectly harmless dummy into the meanest creature to hit England since Grendel was a boy.

An equally gripping scene at the end of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* shows Toht, the German villain (Ronald Lacey), dissolving into a puddle. How did Makeup Man Chris Walas do it? He began by taking a life mold of the actor's face. From that he made a plaster skull, which he covered with layers of chilled gelatin. When it came time for Toht to melt away, a heat gun—a super hair dryer—was turned on and the gelatin began to drip. So ended that particular Nazi menace.

For actors and artists, such effects often demand both time and patience. It took 8½ hours, for example, for Christopher Tucker to turn John Hurt into the elephant man. Hurt had to report for work at 4:30 a.m. and, since he was not transformed until noon, often wound up on the set until after midnight. With his misshapen skull and body, which was in fact largely foam rubber, he was unable to lie down or even rest between shots. The tedium can result in tension on location, and there are some actors the artists will not work with. After clashing with Robert De Niro on *The Deer Hunter*, for instance, Smith resigned from the picture and now refuses to go on a set with him. Says Smith: "Bobby is a paranoid perfectionist, and it is difficult to satisfy someone like that."

The very top makeup artists, who number only about ten, can earn $500 to $1,000 a day. They are remarkably generous in sharing their innovations. "We're an exclusive club," says Tucker. "We meet whenever we can and we talk constantly on the phone, discussing new techniques and materials." Each has his own preference. Smith loves old-age makeup, and Baker is fascinated by gorillas. Westmore knows just how blood should spurt in a prizefight. Besides *Raging Bull*, he has done *Rocky I* and *II* and the upcoming *III*. "If I haven't done every fight film, I've been asked to do every fight film," he sighs. He therefore found it a relief to make up Farrah Fawcett for a recent television movie. "I enjoyed it," he says. "After *Raging Bull* it was relaxation. But refining is also very difficult. It is easy to be ugly because it is so easy to distort."

One problem, however, has not been solved. Except for a few classy pictures like *Raiders*, *Elephant Man* and *Raging Bull*, the best makeup is usually done for horror films that most adults never see, or would admit to seeing. "Some of my best work," complains Stan Winston (*The Wiz*), "has been lost on bad movies." —*By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York and Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles*

John Hurt being transformed into the elephant man by Artist Christopher Tucker

"We're an exclusive club. We meet whenever we can and we talk constantly on the phone."

Press

Survival Story

Unions help save the Bulletin

WE'RE HERE . . . AND IT FEELS GREAT! Last week's headline in the Philadelphia *Bulletin* carried a double meaning: it was jubilant—and it was printed in red ink.

The paper's eight unions had been faced with the choice of accepting $5 million a year in cutbacks or facing a shutdown of the paper, which has lost $31.2 million since 1979—a third of it this year. Said Don Salvucci, chief negotiator for the pressmen's union, it was a question of "letting the ship sink or putting some people in a lifeboat." To keep the *Bulletin* afloat, 113 union and 73 nonunion jobs were eliminated. The 1,900 full-time employees remaining on staff are making various sacrifices, depending upon their position. Pressmen, for the most part, will no longer receive bonus pay for overtime hours. Paper handlers and composing-room workers have accepted a 10% cut in salary.

Salvucci's union suffered the heaviest job losses and was the last to sign the agreement. Its members were persuaded in part by the magnanimous example of Shop Steward Jim Healy, 30, a *Bulletin* pressman for 13 years. In a brief, impassioned plea, Healy urged the membership to ratify the agreement, though it meant his own dismissal. The pressmen had been especially reluctant to sign because their contract, unlike those of the other unions, contains a "uniformity clause" that could allow concessions granted to the *Bulletin* to be extended to Philadelphia's *Inquirer* and *Daily News*. It is a "complex quagmire," grumbled Sam McKeel, president of Philadelphia Newspapers Inc., owner of the *News* and the *Inquirer*. Until it is deciphered, "we won't know whether we want to move on it."

Publisher N.S. ("Buddy") Hayden, refusing to be discouraged by the demise of two other afternoon dailies, the Washington *Star* and the *Tonight* edition of New York's *Daily News*, predicts that his paper will turn a profit by 1984. "Philadelphia is big enough and vibrant enough to support two viable metropolitan newspapers," he says. The Charter Co., the oil, insurance and publishing conglomerate that owns the *Bulletin*, plans to pump in up to $30 million over the next four years. Meanwhile, Philadelphia Phillies Batting Star Pete Rose is doing some pitching for the *Bulletin* in radio spots. "I don't care whether you are a newspaper or a ballplayer," says Rose, "if you give 100%, if you bust your gut every day, you're gonna come out ahead." For the *Bulletin*, though, it is going to be one tough game. ■

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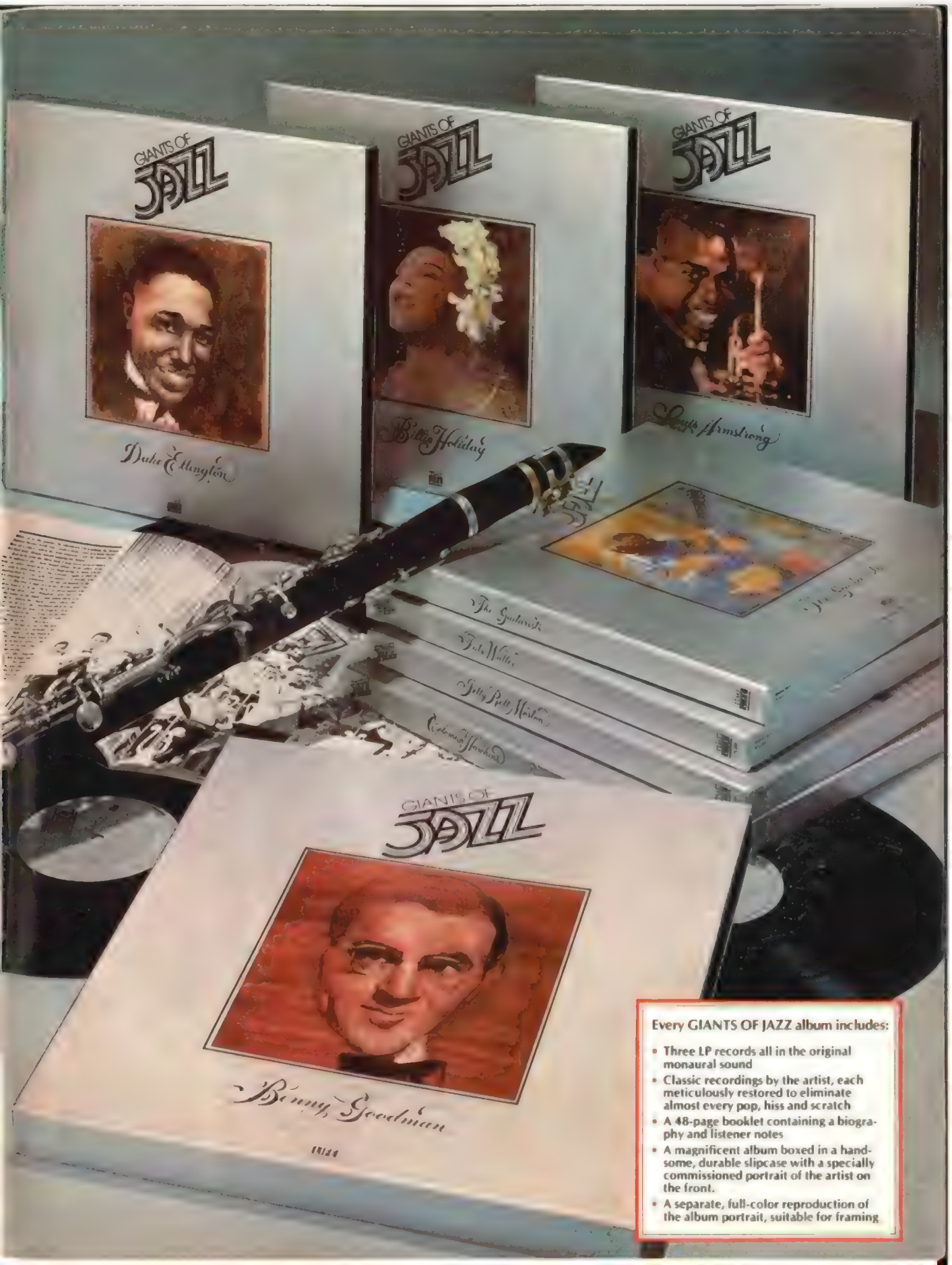

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Corporations on the Couch

An unorthodox consultant brings Freud into the boardroom

Business Consultant Abraham Zaleznik was presented with the following problem: the client was the head of a successful hosiery company that he had inherited from his father. As president, the man aggressively expanded the business, building additional plants and buying new machinery. Yet the market was moving away from his product. Hoping to improve things by a dramatic change he appointed a successor as president and made himself chairman. Then he went into a panic and consulted Zaleznik about whether to fire his successor.

Was this a case of poor executive selection? Faulty market research? Zaleznik's diagnosis went beyond both: the client, he concluded, had a father fixation. He had expanded the company in order to prove that he was a bigger and better executive than Dad, and then, when business faltered, he appointed a successor in an unconscious desire to find a scapegoat.

If this sounds like a highly unorthodox analysis, it is, because Zaleznik, 57, is a highly unorthodox consultant. He is not only Cahners-Rabb Professor of Social Psychology of Management at Harvard Business School and a private consultant of 30 years' experience, but also a certified psychoanalyst, one of a very few in the U.S. who have made a specialty of using Freud's teachings and techniques to put corporate employees—and sometimes entire corporations—on the couch. "To me," he says, "an organization is a working coalition among executives that can be disturbed by hidden emotional factors, like unresolved dependency, the inability of people to deal constructively with rivalry and aggression. My job is to remove these barriers so people's energies can be turned toward work and away from their defenses."

Zaleznik was already an experienced teacher, consultant and author of three books when he decided in 1958 to become a psychoanalyst. "I was very taken with the notion of unconscious motivation," he says. "This was the only field addressing itself to the problem." Licensed to practice in 1968, he was certified in 1975 by the American Psychoanalytic Association, a rare distinction for a non-M.D.

In his work, Zaleznik draws on a tiny, relatively unknown 1921 book by Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*. In it Freud attempted to get beyond conventional descriptions of group behavior by showing that in "artificial groups, each individual is bound by libidinal ties on the one hand to the leader and on the other hand to the other members." The members love the leader and share a common "illusion" that the leader "loves all the individuals in the groups with an equal love." Freud cited the Roman Catholic Church and the military as examples of cohesive groups in which this illusion works to sustain morale.

DRAWING BY H. MARTIN © 1973 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"My Protestant work ethic made me a bundle, but my Puritanical guilt complex won't let me enjoy it."

Corporate leaders, those symbolic "lovers" of all the employees, must be extremely careful not to upset group morale, Zaleznik has found. "They unwittingly become seductive of their people, and this creates undercurrents of rivalry and jealousy," he points out. Maurice Grossman, head of a nationwide chain of home-supply stores, based in Braintree, Mass., consulted Zaleznik after he brought in an executive from outside the company to be groomed as his successor. "It was poor people-handling," says Grossman. "I misunderstood what it would do to the four or five people on the next level. It brought out such strong feelings in the people around me that the organization ceased to be an organization." On Zaleznik's advice, Grossman helped the would-be successor to relocate.

The classic tools of Freudian analysis seem to be useful in solving corporate problems. In interviews with company executives, Zaleznik first enlists each person in the task, creating what is known in the world of analysis as a "therapeutic alliance." "I am inviting them to work along with me," he says. "If they identify with the work, they will join in and try to do a lot of it themselves."

The interviews are straightforward —"no hidden agenda"—but his psychoanalytic training helps him to "listen with the third ear not only to what the person says but to what he has to defend himself against: conflicts or ideas that are unacceptable to him." Zaleznik may also "speak the unspeakable," helping the executive articulate painful truths about his colleagues or himself—for example, when someone gets a job he wants but feels guilty about it, or when a company division is in trouble but its executives will not face the issue of enormous cash losses.

Transference, which, as Zaleznik says, is "the most important lever for understanding and helping patients in analysis," is also crucial to his corporate consultations. There, Zaleznik explains, it means that "a person will relate to me as he does to the people to whom he looks for help and support, and sometimes to his antagonists. People deal with their boss as they did with their parents, or with their peers as they did with their siblings." One of Zaleznik's interviewees, a candidate for a management job, was extremely guarded in answering questions, attempting to parcel out information and maintain control. Zaleznik advised against hiring him. "Later I learned he had a reputation for sandbagging people," says Zaleznik. "I didn't know that. But someone who is manipulative in all his relationships would reproduce that with me."

The hosiery company client who hired a man to replace him, then wanted to fire him, was a classic case of transference. "He was looking for justification for actions he wanted to take," says Zaleznik. "He wanted to get rid of the new president, and wanted me to give him permission. I was to act as a father surrogate." Freed by Zaleznik from his personal hangups, the man returned to the presidency, but he was too late to salvage the business. Burdened with plants and machines for making stockings, his firm was unable to retool for the coming new thing: pantyhose. —*By Sara C. Medina. Reported by Ruth Galvin/Boston*

In the South Bronx, learning how to cook for a living; a Utah maintenance student grinds rust from a truck

Education

Survivor of the Budget Cuts

With 42,000 trainees, the Job Corps is still going strong

Morris Heights is a New York City battleground. Situated in the South Bronx, the area has one of the highest crime rates in the city. Blocks of buildings are burned out, homeless people camp in boarded-up tenements, small boys peddle angel dust on the streets. In the midst of this chaos, behind a cast-iron fence, three calm acres of grass and flowers surround a stately Tudor building. Students in blue and beige uniforms read in the shade of oak trees. "The oasis," as the facility is called by the community, is one of more than 100 federally funded Job Corps centers in the U.S. Inside its gates 263 young people, ages 16 to 22, mostly high school dropouts from the surrounding ghetto, study English and bookkeeping, cooking and carpentry, social skills and self-discipline. They live in dormitories, and when they leave, they often move to entry-level employment, or the armed forces, or even, sometimes, to college.

The 17-year-old Job Corps is one of the very few social programs spared by the recent Reagan budget slash. There have been some criticisms about the cost, budgeted for $620 million next year. The total expense for each of the 42,000 trainees who will be enrolled in 1982 ranges from $5,000 to $13,000 a year. But partly because some Job Corps centers are run by private companies, and provide job training for the private sector, the program won support from conservative lawmakers. Says Utah Senator Orrin Hatch, chairman of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee: "This program works. Even $13,000 a year is a cheap price to pay to keep someone off the welfare rolls for the rest of his life."

The corps claims that nine-tenths of its students get jobs. It has kept almost no long-range records on some 850,000 "graduates," however, and the overall placement rate is probably far lower than 90%. Still, the ties that some centers have with business and labor help a good deal in placement. At Clearfield Job Corps Center near Salt Lake City, for instance, 170 of about 1,500 trainees last year completed an advanced automotive training program run in conjunction with the United Auto Workers.

To get into the corps one should be disadvantaged and in deep educational trouble. But felons and drug addicts need not apply. If the program sometimes succeeds with hard cases where public schools have failed, it is partly because students who apply see the program as a last chance. While some drop out right away, those who stay usually commit themselves to a six-month residential program that is a cross between boot camp and boarding school. Says one South Bronx administrator: "If students went home at 5 p.m. to ghetto conditions, you would defuse 70% of what they learn." Job Corps staff not only provide vocational and remedial training but attempt to nurture cooperation and disciplined self-confidence. Even so, one teacher notes: "When they leave you know that the odds are still against them in almost every way, and you wonder if you've betrayed them by not telling them so."

At the South Bronx center the world that awaits students is right outside the gates. But the center seems to be a model for training in depressed areas. When Avco International Services Division, part of a multinational corporation, was awarded the contract to start a Job Corps center in Morris Heights, it worked through the local office of the minority Recruitment Training Program. R.T.P.'s Julio Pabon, 29, began involving local planning boards, schools and block associations. Avco agreed to hire more than 90% of the staff locally, and Pabon personally held meetings with local gangs to persuade them to leave the center alone. He was so good at it that several gang chiefs joined the Job Corps. Since the center opened in April 1980, only five students have been expelled, only 13 have quit. The majority have only third- to sixth-grade reading skills. Many have yet to learn the multiplication tables.

The key to the South Bronx program is its individualized teaching. Classes are usually no more than ten or twelve students. Says Director of Programs Marta Moczo: "They learn that they can learn. Having instructors sit next to the students, touch them, relate to them, helps." By the time students leave, many have eighth-grade or high school reading skills. Admits Yadwin Rodriguez, 22: "When I first came here, I couldn't read so good. Now I'm involved with pronouns, adjectives, verbs, you name it, man."

Says Center Director Roberto Albertorio: "The main problem we face is apathy, suspicion, lack of confidence, and most of all, lack of self-discipline." To maintain discipline there is one staff member for every three students, a 16-man security force and a formidable list of rules. Stealing, fighting, hard drugs, sex on campus are all causes for expulsion. There is a $5 fine for sniffing glue; a $2 penalty for gambling. Serious offenses are reviewed by a board composed of three staff members and two students. Even manners come under consideration, and the most persuasive pressure to behave may come from peers. Explains Deliana Gillard, 20, who will be going to Vermont College this fall: "The staff is always polite. And when we have new corps members who aren't, we ignore them until they come round. We are all minorities, and we have a sense of unity." *—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Sylvia Kronstadt/Salt Lake City and James Wilde/New York*

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MARTHA SWOPE

Two veterans of the 1956 production: Harrison as Henry Higgins and Nesbitt as his mother

Theater

Still Loverly

MY FAIR LADY
Book and Lyrics
by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe

More than 25 years have passed since she first walked onto a stage. After all that time, it is a relief to know that the rain in Spain still stays mainly in the plain and that *My Fair Lady* is as loverly as she was in 1956. Frederick Loewe's music has lost none of its enchantment, and Alan Jay Lerner's book and lyrics, which of course owe more than a passing debt to George Bernard Shaw, seem more than ever to be models of literacy and wit. Some other musicals from the '40s and '50s—*The Most Happy Fella*, for instance—now seem dated; this one, which was set so long ago anyway, will probably never show its age.

The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of human beings. If the play is 25 years old, then it follows that Rex Harrison, who was the original Henry Higgins, must be 25 years older than he was then—that is, 73. Now Harrison is a splendid 73, more attractive at three score and 13 than most men are at 37, and his voice will doubtless retain its music when he is 103. But he is perhaps 20 years older than Higgins, the most irascible misogynist since Jack the Ripper, ought to be. Neither Shaw nor Lerner ever indicated that the professor and the flower girl would wind up in a clinch, but the possibility, which gave the story much of its electricity, was always there. That charge is what is lacking from the new production. Harrison's Higgins is urbane and amusing, a rare companion despite himself, but he is not a possible mate for Eliza Doolittle, who could well be his granddaughter. Indeed, he is lucky that he could find an actress old enough to play his own mother—the inimitable Cathleen Nesbitt, who was also in the original cast and who at 92 is still pouring the tea in her box at Ascot.

There are other problems with this *Fair Lady*. Eliza is played by Nancy Ringham, the American understudy who was suddenly called in when Cheryl Kennedy, an English actress, was forced out by illness. Ringham has both a pretty face and an attractive voice, but she does not make a good Cockney, or make a very convincing climb up the slippery slopes of the English language. More important, she does not have anything like the fire, the almost feral drive of a good Eliza. Not only was Higgins a great teacher; Eliza was also a great pupil. That "squashed cabbage leaf" he picked up in Covent Garden was in fact made of gold.

If this production is not as memorable as the original, however, it is still, by the standards of most musicals, very good indeed. Nicholas Wyman is a delightfully silly Freddy Eynsford-Hill, the bumbling aristocrat who falls in love with Eliza at Ascot and thereafter spends most of his time burbling love songs on the street where she lives. Milo O'Shea, who plays her father, Alfred P. Doolittle, is a fine and feisty rogue, and Jack Gwillim manages to be both good-hearted and hopelessly stuffy, just as Colonel Pickering, that confirmed old bachelor, should be. Cecil Beaton's black-and-white costumes will always cause gasps of pleasure, and Oliver Smith's sets will forever define the boundaries of 27A Wimpole Street, where a flower girl was transformed into a lady. Within those walls there is a magic yet. But audiences will have to try a little harder than they did in 1956 to see just how fair the lady really is. —*By Gerald Clarke*

Cinema

Rushes

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER

One can only hope that Sandra O'Connor does not see this movie before her confirmation hearings. If she does, she may decide to withdraw her name from consideration as the first female appointee to the Supreme Court. One could scarcely blame her, so dismal does this fantasy—based on a hit play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee—make life on the big bench seem. Jill Clayburgh plays the perky, conservative new lady in chambers; Walter Matthau is the bearish liberal Justice with whom she has a tastefully tentative comedy-romance that turns out to be neither very comic nor very romantic. Mostly they argue about things like pornography and corporate responsibility. These discussions are conducted at the high school civics-class level, and it must be said that Ronald Neame's direction suits them admirably, since it is at the film-school level.

HONKY TONK FREEWAY

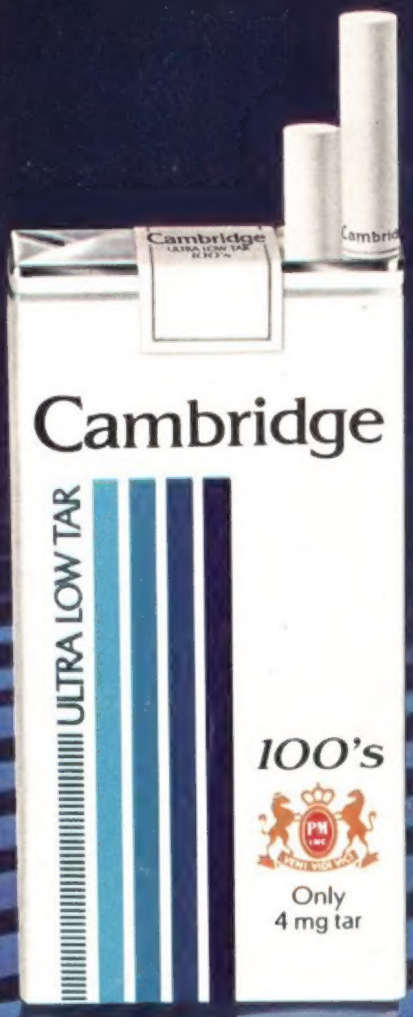
What can you get for $25 million these days? If you're Producer Don Boyd and Director John Schlesinger, assembling a kook's tour of characters and situations for your episodic comedy about American life on wheels, you get: cute hookers, more bickering couples than a Bronx high-rise, a town that paints itself pink, an elephant on water skis, and some funny car crashes. In a large, bland cast (Beau Bridges, William Devane, Teri Garr, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy), only Beverly D'Angelo stands out as an overripe woman who can't say no, and for whom "the International House of Pancakes is the one consistent thing in my life." The rest of this *Freeway* is like 107 minutes of bad road.

UNDER THE RAINBOW

The squandering proceeds apace. In 1939 MGM spent $1.2 million to make *The Wizard of Oz;* in 1981 Orion Pictures has devoted $17 million to a modern farce about the hundreds of midgets and dwarfs who went to Hollywood to play the Oz Munchkins, and by their lewd shenanigans cut the town down to size. *Rainbow's* plot is serviceably convoluted, involving a Secret Service agent (Chevy Chase), a paranoid Graustarkian duke and his Sicilian assassin-in-waiting, a pair of Axis spies, 25 Japanese camera buffs, four dead dogs and 150 little people. (Make that 151: Carrie Fisher plays their den mother.) But Director Steve Rash's pacing is slack, the lighting is inappropriately murky, and eventually one tires of the endless string of tall stories and short-people jokes. Like *Honky Tonk Freeway*, this movie is in desperate need of an ace farceur like Preston Sturges—and a niggardly accountant to ride herd on ballooning budgets. ■

Sat. Nite
Suddenly, a car comes along that can reach down and grab you by the seat of the pants.
A car that moves you with precision road manners. Bubbling over with finely tuned excitement.
Mustang. Hot Stuff.
FORD MUSTANG
FORD DIVISION
Ford
34 EST. HWY.
23 EPA EST. MPG
Estimates for comparison. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and Calif. estimates lower.
Sizzle.
Mustang. Hot Stuff

ULTRA LOW TAR
Cambridge 100's



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